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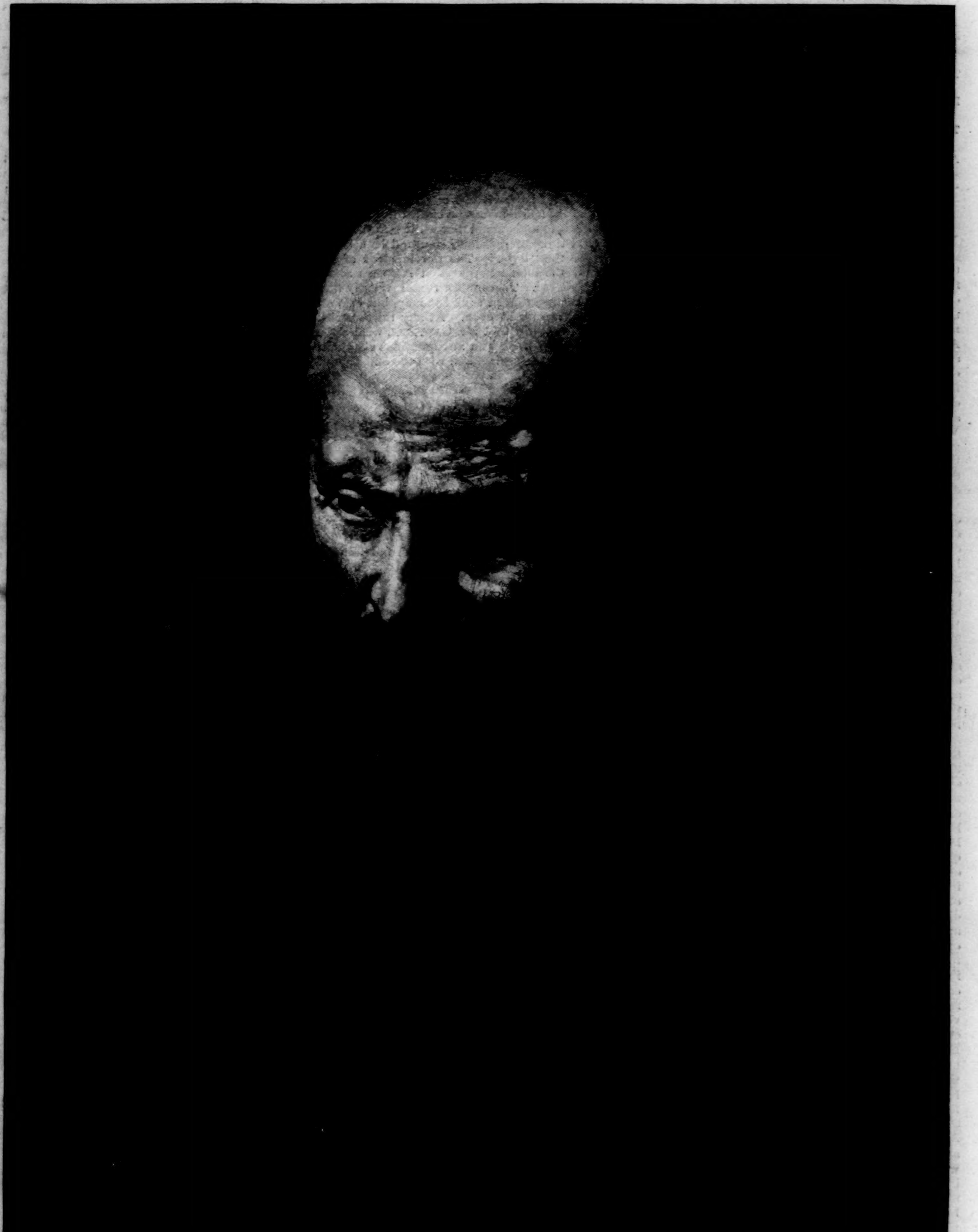

"THE APOSTLE."—FROM THE PAINTING BY REMBRANDT, EXHIBITED IN THE CASSEL MUSEUM, GERMANY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 10, 1895.

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CONTENTS, NO. 2016.

"THE APOSTLE." From the Painting by Rembrandt.

EDITORIALS.

R. M. HUNT. With Portrait.

THE FOREIGN ELEMENT IN NEW YORK—Syrian Colony. Illustrated. W. Bengough.

HIS FATHER'S SON. Serial Story. Fifth Instalment. Illustrated. Brander Matthews.

THE HANGING OF BAD TOM SMITH.

LIFE AND LETTERS. W. D. Howells.

THE RECENT UPRISING OF THE BANNOCK INDIANS. Illustrated.

AMERICA'S YACHTING WEEK. Illustrated. Hamblen Sears.

WHAT THE TRAMP EATS AND WEARS. Ill'd. Josiah Flynt.

POLO AT THE ROCKAWAY HUNTING CLUB. Double-page Illustration.

IGNORANCE AND KNOWLEDGE. Poem. E. C. S. M.

OFF FOR CHINA. Ill'd. Kirk Munroe.

A NARROW MARGIN. Short Story. Illustrated. Owen Hall.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION. Southern India—Madras, Hyderabad. Illustrated.

THIS BUSY WORLD. E. S. Martin.

AMATEUR SPORT. Polo Season of 1895. Ill'd. N. Y. Yacht Club Cruise. Etc. Caspar W. Whitney.

DEMOCRATIC JINGOISM.

WE are informed that it is the intention of several more or less influential Democratic politicians to agitate among the Democratic masses in favor of a "vigorous foreign policy," to be directed especially against Great Britain, with a view to making that subject a prominent feature of the next Presidential campaign on the Democratic side. An aggressive enforcement of the MONROE doctrine according to the most extreme construction thereof, as well as the building of a big navy and the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands and of whatever else may be obtainable in the way of "outposts" and "keys," is to form part of the programme. We are far from applying to the politicians engaged in this scheme Dr. JOHNSON'S famous definition that "patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels"; for a large proportion of them are, no doubt, persons of honorable character. There are also among them some with whom it is a matter of sincere belief that Great Britain will surely get control of the whole of South America, as well as of every desirable place elsewhere, unless we promptly meet her at every point with charged bayonets, and that our commercial prosperity, if not our very existence as an independent nation, requires that we should be able to meet the strongest war fleet in the world, and that we should have an outpost wherever any other naval power has one. Senator MORGAN, of Alabama, whose brain is a storehouse of as much nonsense as was ever crowded into a narrow space, and who has managed to get on the wrong side of more public questions than any other American prominent in public life, is a fair example of the honest believer.

But in a multitude of cases it will be found that there is at the bottom of the noisy vociferation of the jingo neither genuine courage nor a sincere conviction as to the necessity or the usefulness of the policies he advocates, but some obliquity to be concealed, or a lack of conviction as to those public questions which are urgently engaging the public mind and demand practical solution, especially questions upon which there is so much difference of popular opinion that ambitious politicians looking for votes are rather inclined to go charily out of their way, or to straddle them for convenient dismount on either side. When such questions are pressing to the foreground the politician without convictions or without courage eagerly turns to some topic on which he thinks he can indulge in heroic language and appear valorously, majestically patriotic, and be always sure to elicit the hurrahs of the galleries without any risk of losing votes. It readily suggests itself to him that in endless variations of speech he may "twist the British lion's tail" with impunity, that he may hoist "old glory" all over the two American continents and on all the desirable islands of the Atlantic and Pacific, and condemn to everlasting infamy the wretch who "hauls down the stars and stripes," and so on. And while he thus makes the American people understand how his "blood boils" at every exhibition of the "foreign insolence" that would balk his country's progress in the line of its "manifest destiny," he trusts that the simple-minded public will not inquire whether behind this leonine roar there is not a desire to hide some repulsive blemish, or a quaking fear of the silver issue, or some other uncomfortable question demanding from public men and from political parties an unequivocal answer.

Both parties have an abundance of men of this moral calibre. On the Republican side there is the additional motive of making party capital by vilifying the conservative foreign policy of the Democratic administration. In the Democratic camp the jingo movement cannot even plead such an excuse. We have recently had an exhibition of that movement which certainly did not lack in significance. It took place on the Fourth of July in Tammany Hall. The assembled Tammany crowd was in a blaze of patriotic emotion. Its "blood boiled" with rage at British impudence, and the thought of planting "old glory" on every desirable spot on the globe made every Tammany heart bubble over with enthusiasm. If the American people, especially the people of New York, would give their undivided attention to British aggression in South America and to the acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands, and meanwhile permit Tammany Hall to govern New York city, the Tammany heart would doubtless be more patriotic than ever. The enthusiastic outburst of the Fourth of July occasion was called forth by ex-Governor CAMPBELL, of Ohio, a statesman whose opinions on the practical questions of the day have been somewhat dim and unstable. At the dinner with which, after the last Presidential election, the Reform Club of New York celebrated the victory of reform, Mr. CAMPBELL was the gentleman who chilled the audience by giving it to understand that while reform might be a good thing, the post-offices would be a better thing for the "boys." The development of his views on the monetary question has been somewhat checkered. There was a rumor recently that he was leaning toward sound money, but bets on that score are about even. At any rate, we risk nothing in saying that Mr. CAMPBELL wishes the world would not ask him any questions about silver; and thus, being inspired with the ambition of serving the republic in positions of power, he came out flat-footed against British aggression and for his country's growth and glory. Whereupon somebody forthwith nominated Mr. CAMPBELL for the Presidency, right then and there in Tammany Hall, amid the boisterous acclaim of all the Tammany braves.

This was Democratic jingoism in fine form. It appears especially foolish, politically-speaking, in view of two facts—that the Democratic administration, the credit of which is almost the only political capital the Democratic party has, is particularly distinguished by its wise, conservative, and faithful conduct of our foreign affairs, and that the American people are, on the whole, heartily in favor of this course, and not at all disposed to rush headlong into foreign enterprises of an adventurous character. The administration has brought matters of difference, for instance, the *Aliança* trouble and the MORA claim, to a successful and honorable issue in so quiet, gentlemanly, and unfailing a fashion that the wild jingo outcries raised at first now appear to have been extremely silly; and the people leave to the same administration also the maintenance of our interests in other respects, with full confidence that, if any real difficulty occurs, they will be duly advised. They do not believe in hastily transferring business requiring delicate treatment from the State Department to the stump. All that the Democratic jingoes, Mr. CAMPBELL with his Presidential "boom" included, can hope to accomplish is to furnish some encouragement to Republican spouters in the same line.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

THE complete overthrow of the Liberals in the recent British elections is not a surprise. It had been anticipated by nearly every one who is familiar with the recent history of British politics. It is a surprise, however, that the overthrow is overwhelming. It was supposed that the Tories would have the largest number of members of the House of Commons, but it was not generally believed that they would be independent of all assistance. As it is, however, the Tories, even without the votes of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Liberal Unionists, have a large majority, and probably for several years to come will be able to embody their policy in the laws of Great Britain, if, indeed, they can succeed in formulating any policy. After the defeat of Mr. GLADSTONE'S home-rule bill in 1886, the electors returned 316 Conservatives and 78 Liberal Unionists, against 191 Liberals and 85 Home-Rulers. Now the list stands: 341 Tories, 70 Liberal Unionists, 174 Liberals, 70 McCarthyites, and 13 Parnellites.

It is not easy to determine the relative value of the various causes that brought about this defeat of British Liberalism. The main issue insisted upon by the Tories and their Liberal Unionist allies was that of home-rule. The SALISBURY newspapers and orators divided the contending electors and candidates into two parties, calling the members of one party Unionists, and the members of the other Separatists. While the Irish constituencies show that they are as strong as ever in favor of a change of government that shall give them the management of their own affairs, it is evident that their cause has lost in the rest of the kingdom. This is partly due to the dissensions among the Irish and partly to the fact that the English are tired of the monopoly that the Irish have enjoyed of the proceedings of the House of Commons.

Home-rule was the question of prime importance with Mr. GLADSTONE, and following it, resulting from the action of the peers on the home-rule bill, was the question of mending or ending the House of Lords. After Mr. GLADSTONE retired from the Premiership, these and all other issues languished. Lord ROSEBERY'S sincerity was not only doubted by the home-rulers, but by the Scotch and Welsh members, who are eager for disestablishment; by the labor party, whose leaders desired the terms of the Newcastle programme to be carried out; and by the Radicals, of whom Mr. LABOUCHERE is the leading spirit. If Mr. GLADSTONE had led his party to the polls immediately after the House of Lords had thrown out the home-rule bill, the result might have been a Liberal triumph; it certainly would not have been a rout. Lord ROSEBERY has been both weak and unfortunate. He offended the Irish in his first speech on a Queen's address. His Indian government alienated Lancashire Liberals by imposing a duty on their cottons. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT drove so many brewers into opposition by his advocacy of the local veto bill that he lost his own seat in Derby. The Premier never ingratiated himself with the labor leaders by taking himself, or them, or public questions, seriously. It is a tradition that a statesman gains popularity by winning the Derby. But this must be a mistake that has come down from an earlier time. Certainly, during the campaign, Mr. BALFOUR thought it wise to declare that he did not know as much about horse-racing as Lord ROSEBERY did. It may be that in jocularity and lightness of touch Lord ROSEBERY does not surpass PALMERSTON; but here again the need of the hour must be different. PALMERSTON had a party at his back—an old-fashioned English party—and ROSEBERY had a strange collection of groups, among whom were sober-minded dissenters, determined labor reformers, inflamed and quarrelling home-rulers, and men who hated a lord. As he went on he became more and more estranged from some of his following. The labor party threatened to help defeat him, and did their utmost to make good their word by putting thirty candidates in the field. The home-rulers were angry because he refused to give them another opportunity. But, most of all, the country was disgusted with a government and a party without a definite programme and without fighting quality. Lord ROSEBERY had said that the House of Lords must be reformed, and even the Tories agreed in the general proposition. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. ASQUITH announced that the veto power of the Lords and home-rule must constitute the great issues of the campaign, but the Premier never announced his plan of reform. When, after much delay and drifting, the appeal was finally made to the country, the Liberal party found itself without a programme and without an organization. The old leader whose voice and presence were essential to the union and harmony of the groups, and whose large faith in the people and vigorous championship of his cause inspired the hearts of his followers with courage and enthusiasm, was in retirement. There was no one to lead, and there was no assurance felt that a Liberal victory would be followed by an earnest effort to secure the reforms which Mr. GLADSTONE'S success in 1892 seemed to promise.

And so the Tories come back because the Liberal task has been in too weak hands. What will the Tories do for Great Britain? Abroad there will be felt, perhaps, the jingoism of Lord SALISBURY. At home, what can be done? Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has hinted that as Secretary of the Colonies he will try to induce the colonies to grant freer trade, and to enter upon larger commercial relations with the mother-country. He has also promised the carrying out of a social programme—better dwellings for the laborer, a better employer's liability bill than that which the Lords ruined for the Liberals, better provisions for the unemployed, and old-age pensions. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is not now necessary to Lord SALISBURY, and it has thus far been impossible to pin the Tory leader down to any definite plan for the accomplishment of any one of these objects. It is easier to say what will not be done by the new government than what will be done. It is certain that Ireland will be obliged to wait for home-rule, if, indeed, the abandonment of Parnell's policy has not definitely prevented her from obtaining anything like the form of self-government that seemed almost within her grasp when Mr. Gladstone last became Premier. The Welsh and Scotch churches will not be disestablished. There may be some charity legislation, but none that will carry a larger gift of human rights.

Whatever happens, the British Empire is not likely to go definitely backward, nor are the British people likely to permit the permanent abandonment of the great reforms for which they have declared themselves in former elections. A party that has only old-age pensions and model cottages to suggest, not even to promise, as an affirmative policy is not likely to satisfy a people who really believe that churches should be supported by the voluntary contributions of those who desire their teachings, and not by taxes taken from those who desire the teachings of some other church; who are for the maintenance and extension of the common schools; who are opposed to archaic land laws; who know that, directly or indirectly, the Liberal party has compelled all the reforms that have been incorporated into the British constitution during the present reign. The people of England itself are not Tories. They want the power of the people enlarged, and, whether they want a Parliament in Dublin or not, they are doubtless in favor of a better government for Ireland, and increased self-government for the Irish. The House of Lords seems to have obtained a verdict, and few who really appreciate the admirable features of the British government will regret that the second chamber is not to be destroyed. Mr. Balfour said in one of his campaign speeches that his country was the only one so fortunate as to have an unwritten constitution—a constitution that may be changed by a simple act of Parliament. The possession of such a constitution may not turn out to be so fortunate in the growing democracy, unless the Lords continue to exist as a real check upon the sudden excitements of a popular assembly. There is no Supreme Court in Great Britain with power to declare acts of Parliament unconstitutional, and the Lords alone can perform a function similar to that performed by our highest court. The House of Lords may be reformed, but so long as wisdom rules in British politics the second chamber, conservative and subject to slow changes, will remain.

BISHOP POTTER'S MISSION.

Bishop Potter of this city has been spending a month of summer in regular mission-work. He has left his episcopal residence for the Stanton Street Mission, recently transferred from St. George's Church to the cathedral, and taken upon himself the ordinary duties of the minister in charge, who is away on his vacation.

The real significance of this summer residence of the bishop lies in the indication given by it of a new policy to be pursued by the Church in its efforts to reach with its best influences the great crowd of people who fill the shops, manufactories, and tenement-houses of our great cities.

Hitherto this has been looked upon as a special branch of the general work of the Church. Missions have been established, supported by special contributions, and men and women, often of great ability and high character, have given their lives to it with little less of personal sacrifice than those who have gone to Asia or Africa. Much good has been done, but even the most enthusiastic have been forced to acknowledge that the great majority of these people have remained untouched by any influence from the Church. Some have become discouraged, and said that there is no use in trying to help people who do not want to be helped. Others have watched the success of the Salvation Army, the University Settlement, and the Roman Catholic Church, and queried whether the Protestant Church might not learn a lesson. The success of these organizations has been due chiefly to two things—accurate knowledge on the part of the leaders of the facts they were dealing with, and their ability to make the poorest feel that in the view of the leaders they are just as essential and important an element in the community as the richest. There is little use in telling a working-man that his soul is as valuable as that of his employer, when he sees all the efforts of the best brains and the most complete organization put forth to save the latter, while he has to put up with a delegated interest.

Bishop Potter's experiment has met both of these needs. Coming into the families on the East Side, not as a superintendent or occasional visitor, but as a pastor and friend, he has reached the hearts of the people, and given them a great impulse upward. The parents whose children he has baptized, the sick who have heard his words of sympathy, the tempted who have received his counsel and help, the workers who have had his encouragement, will all feel very differently in the future toward the magnificent cathedral and even toward the different churches. Their personal manhood and womanhood have been recognized. But the advantage is not all on their side. Dr. Parkhurst's first lesson in his experience with the police was "not to go gunning with blank cartridges." After his first evening's session with St. Andrew's Brotherhood at the mission, Bishop Potter said that he had learned more than he could in six months uptown. He has undoubtedly learned much more since then, and the result cannot but be apparent in the future plans and efforts of his Church. If others, not merely in the Protestant Episcopal, but in other denominations, would follow his example, it would not be long that we should hear the cry that the churches do not reach "the masses."

THE BANNOCK AFFAIR.

There has been another "Indian uprising" in the Northwest. It cannot become a serious trouble, except perhaps to the whites who dwell at Jacksons Hole and its immediate vicinity, for the Bannocks are not numerous. There are in Idaho, all told, according to the census of 1890, 4062 Indians. Of these, 1493 Bannocks and Shoshones are at Fort Hall Agency, and 432 Bannocks, Shoshones, and Sheepeaters are at Lemhi Agency. These Indians, however, have intermarried until they are now counted as a single tribe. There are about 1800 Indians in Wyoming at the Wind River Agency. They are Shoshones and Arapahoes. Of all the Indians on the three reservations named there are about 1850 males, counting men and boys. So it will be seen that a serious war is not likely to be maintained by the Indians.

It is a pleasant duty to chronicle the fact that the government is not directly responsible for this Indian outbreak. Nearly always it is a breach of faith on the part of an Indian agent, a violation of a treaty obligation, a failure to furnish blankets or food or money, a lax discipline that permits the neighboring whites to intrude upon the Indians and to commit outrages upon them, that result in war and murder. This time, indeed, it may be that the agents of the Federal government were lax in the discharge of their duty as protectors of the Indians, but there is no evidence that this was the case, and certainly Agent Teter has shown a marked sympathy with his unfortunate wards, and has even incurred the hostility of the white settlers by the reports which he has made.

The trouble arose directly from a gross wrong perpetrated upon the Indians by the whites. The Indians are charged with violating the Wyoming game laws. These laws were made for a good purpose. Their intention is to aid the United States in maintaining the game-preserve of the Yellowstone Park. A large number of the settlers in the neighborhood of the park—and it is from this locality that the complaints and the exaggerated accounts of the Indian outbreak came—are themselves poachers. The laws were made to protect the park and its animals from their invasion. It is perfectly natural that we should have the loudest outcries from the poachers, and there is enough substance in the suspicion that some of the whites would be glad of a war to be rid of their Indian neighbors, to induce the government to go slowly and fairly in putting down the "uprising."

The difficulty is that these Indians have certain rights to hunt which are supposed to conflict with the State laws. These rights are granted or defined under a treaty between the tribe and the United States, and Governor Richards of Wyoming believes that in a conflict between the law of a State and a treaty made by the United States, within the territorial jurisdiction of the State, the treaty must give way. This may be so. Still the United States government is granted by the Constitution the right to make treaties with the Indian tribes, and the tribes are under the protection of the general government. If a treaty is made with a tribe dwelling within a Territory, do the laws of the Territory or does the treaty prevail? If, after such a treaty is made, the Territory becomes a State, does or does not the State succeed to the obligations of the United States?

These are serious questions which the settlers in or about Jacksons Hole answered by shooting Indians who were trying to escape from what they supposed was illegal arrest. We hope it is true that the troops will remain long enough in the vicinity of the crime to see that substantial justice is done. It may be that the Indians committed an offence against the laws of Wyoming. It may be that they were within the law by depending upon rights which they supposed had been granted to them by the United States. In whatever way this issue may be settled, there was no excuse for shooting the Indians. On the contrary, as the constable who ordered the shooting admits, the murder was deliberate, and without any excuse whatever. The whites, then, seem to have been guilty of the gravest crime, no matter what may be the judgment against the Indians.

It is a case in which the honor of the government appears to be at stake, although no government official stirred up the Indians. We have few Indians who are hostilely inclined, and we ought to be able for once to do exact and thorough justice. Indeed, we ought at last to be able to follow out the law as it was laid down by Justice Matthews, speaking for the Supreme Court in 1886, in the case of the Choctaw Nation *vs.* the United States. This is the principle the court laid down—a principle to which, to our shame be it said, we have paid little heed: "The relations between the United States and the different tribes being those of a superior towards inferiors who are under its care and control, its acts touching them and its promises to them in the execution of its own policy, and in the furtherance of its own interests, are to be interpreted as justice and reason demand in all cases where power is exerted by the strong over those to whom are due its care and protection. The inequality between the parties is to be made good by the superior justice which looks only to the substance of the right."

If this rule is followed, the Indian-slayers at Jacksons Hole may not fare very well.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

It has once more been decided that there shall be squadron drill for the new war-ships. Every one who believes that so much of a navy as we need and possess ought to be as efficient as possible must have rejoiced at this news, and must have hoped that no sinister influence would intervene to break up Admiral Bunce's fleet between the issue of the order and the time to carry it into effect. More than this, it is to be hoped that this same sinister influence, which has hitherto exercised such undue and damaging power in the Navy Department, will not be permitted to break up the fleet before the admiral has had time to give the officers such a drill as will make them thoroughly familiar with the capacity of their ships and with fleet movements.

It is a strange bit of ill luck for the new navy that the ambitious, active, and enterprising officers have thus far been prevented from completely carrying out the designs they have formed for the purpose of making the ships and their *personnel* as effective as possible. Admiral Walker was permitted to make a short cruise to Europe and back with what was known as the "White Squadron." The work accomplished on that cruise, interrupted by detachment of ships as it was, was notable. The officers who enjoyed the opportunity afforded by that voyage came back with a practical knowledge of squadron movement. But the vessels composing that famous squadron are now old, and the flag-ship *Chicago* is laid up at the Brooklyn Navy-yard awaiting the new machinery that is essential if she is to be counted as a modern ship of war.

Since the "White Squadron" was broken up there has been no squadron drill of great value, although the unfortunate Admiral Meade did his best in the few weeks during which he was in command of the North Atlantic Squadron. There was an excellent opportunity after the naval review in 1893, when there was in New York Harbor as fine a fleet as the navy could show. It was then that Admiral Walker's squadron should have been increased by the addition of a few really modern ships, and he should have been permitted to do what it is hoped that Admiral Bunce may be left to carry out in what are called the naval manœuvres of the North Atlantic Squadron.

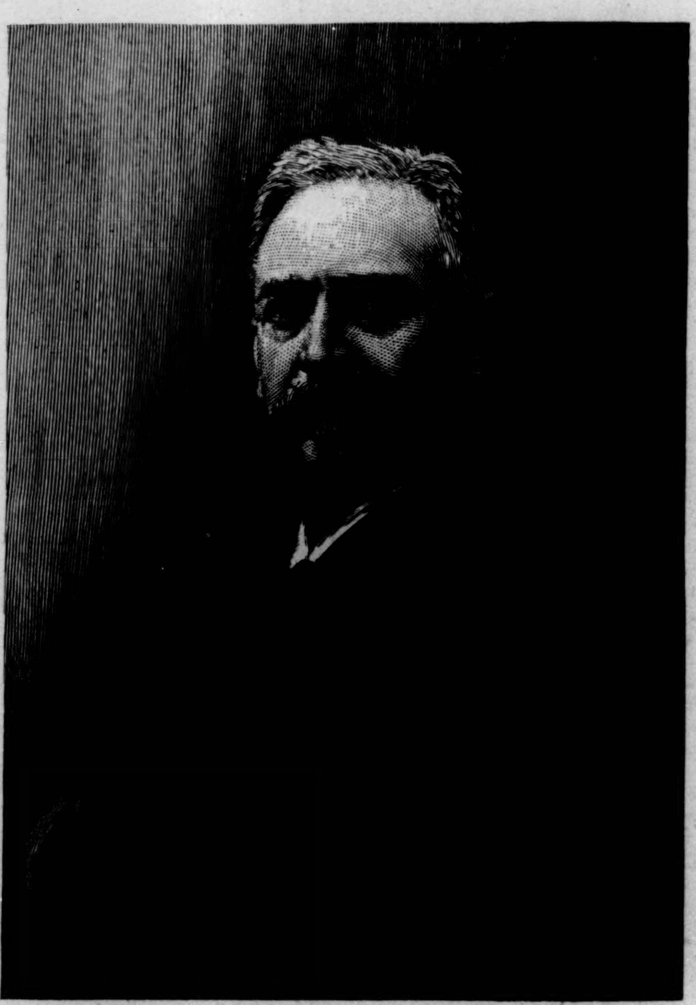
The value of these manœuvres cannot be overestimated. They are as essential to the navy as battalion drill is to the army, and it is only fair to say that Secretary Herbert has always been in favor of keeping at least one squadron of the new ships in existence for the purposes of drill. It is to be hoped that this summer he will be able to carry out his design, and that no sudden emergency in the West Indies or South America, or that no new and untimely design in the mind of the head of the Bureau of Navigation, will lead to the breaking up of the fleet. If all goes well, it may be that the natives and summer visitors along the New England coast will see not only the largest squadron of American modern ships ever gathered together, but either the *Maine* or the *Texas*, or both, the first of our completed battle-ships that approach modernity.

AN AMERICAN TRAIT.

When Mr. E. S. Martin, in his comments on "This Busy World," described with accuracy that intensity of energy and excess of zeal which overtrained the Cornell crew and led to their inglorious defeat, he pointed clearly to a trait of American character which must be estimated and understood by any one who undertakes to set forth the existing conditions of American life and development. As Mr. Martin truthfully says: "It has been said of politics in this country that it is war. In the intensity of business competition there seems to be a growing sentiment that business is war." This merely means that the American pushes every principle to its ultimate logical conclusion, but this is one of the key-notes of American character.

It may be a good trait or a bad one, but it is essentially and exclusively an American trait. It is probably the outcome of those conditions of freedom under which we struggle and conquer or fall, but it exists in no other country. In this country alone has the principle of business competition been pushed to its utmost. Then, when the limit of competition has been reached, a struggle equally fierce has developed the principle of combination, and pools, and trusts, and syndicates, and traffic agreements have shifted the scene and scale and scope of the contest.

This principle extends alike to great things and to small ones. We play the game for all there is in it, whether the game be politics or poker, railroad management or college athletics. It may wear us out, but it does not let us rust out. It may interfere with our growth in sweetness and light, but it is not a trait of weaklings and decadents. Above all it is evolution, the development of natural causes lying down deep at the roots of our national life. It is a movement we have entered on, to which we are fully committed, and which we could not check if we would.



RICHARD M. HUNT.—DIED JULY 31, 1895.—[SEE PAGE 749.]

THE FOREIGN ELEMENT IN NEW YORK.

THE SYRIAN COLONY.

THOSE natives of Syria who have forsaken the historic land of their birth and transferred their abode to the prosaic surroundings of Washington Street form but a small colony when compared with the other three great foreign settlements. They number in all only about one thousand, and occupy less than a block on one side of Washington Street, near the Battery. There are some others—about thirty families—who live in Brooklyn, and a large number of brickmakers who find work in the brick-yards of the upper Hudson.

The Mount of Lebanon and the coast of Syria are the localities from which, as a rule, they have emigrated; and they have gladly left behind the land of the Turk and sacred history for the less poetic environments of soap factories and dingy warehouses, among and in which they live and move and have their first sensations of American citizenship.

The Syrians follow various trades and occupations, many of them being skilled workmen in silk, needle, and other industries; cigarette-making is also a favorite trade, while the more unskilled or illiterate take to peddling. There are some importers of Syrian goods who are quite prosperous, while the colony itself supports several native restaurants and shops. The peddlers in the city are generally women, who sell Eastern trinkets and jewelry at basement doors.

These women are usually decorated in the Syrian style with tattooed ornaments, sometimes covering broad surfaces of the body, and on the backs of the hands; it is seldom, however, that the Syrians of the colony are found with the face tattooings which are so fashionable among the Bedouin women, who mark their faces and lips until the whole aspect of the mouth is changed to a chilled bluish tint. Those among them who are ambitious to become thoroughly Americanized are ashamed of these evidences of their foreign birth, and try in vain to remove the marks. They have come here to be Americans, and to leave all the restrictions and superstitions of their older civilization behind. And their sense of freedom here is probably more acute than that of any of the other nationalities, because they have come out from under the Turkish yoke; for while these people from the coast of Syria are to a great extent under the protection of the Christian powers, still they are happy to be away from any possible trouble which might be brought upon them by their Mohammedan rulers. Although the colony is Christian, it is divided into four distinct religious sects, the most distinctive being the Syro-Chaldean Church of the Maronites, which worships in an upper loft of one of the old warehouses, where an altar and confessional have been cheaply constructed, and the service is conducted in their own tongue by Father Korkemay, who was sent out to take charge of this first American congregation.

Other sects represented in the colony are the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Protestant; and the regularly established churches in the city, such as old Trinity, and Barclay Street Catholic, and the Greek church of the Russians are variously attended.

One newspaper, called *The Star of America*, is published in Syrian characters, and furnishes the news and gossip for the colony. The editor is a man of superior intelligence, who is kept exceedingly busy between his dual duties as newspaper editor and immigration commissioner.

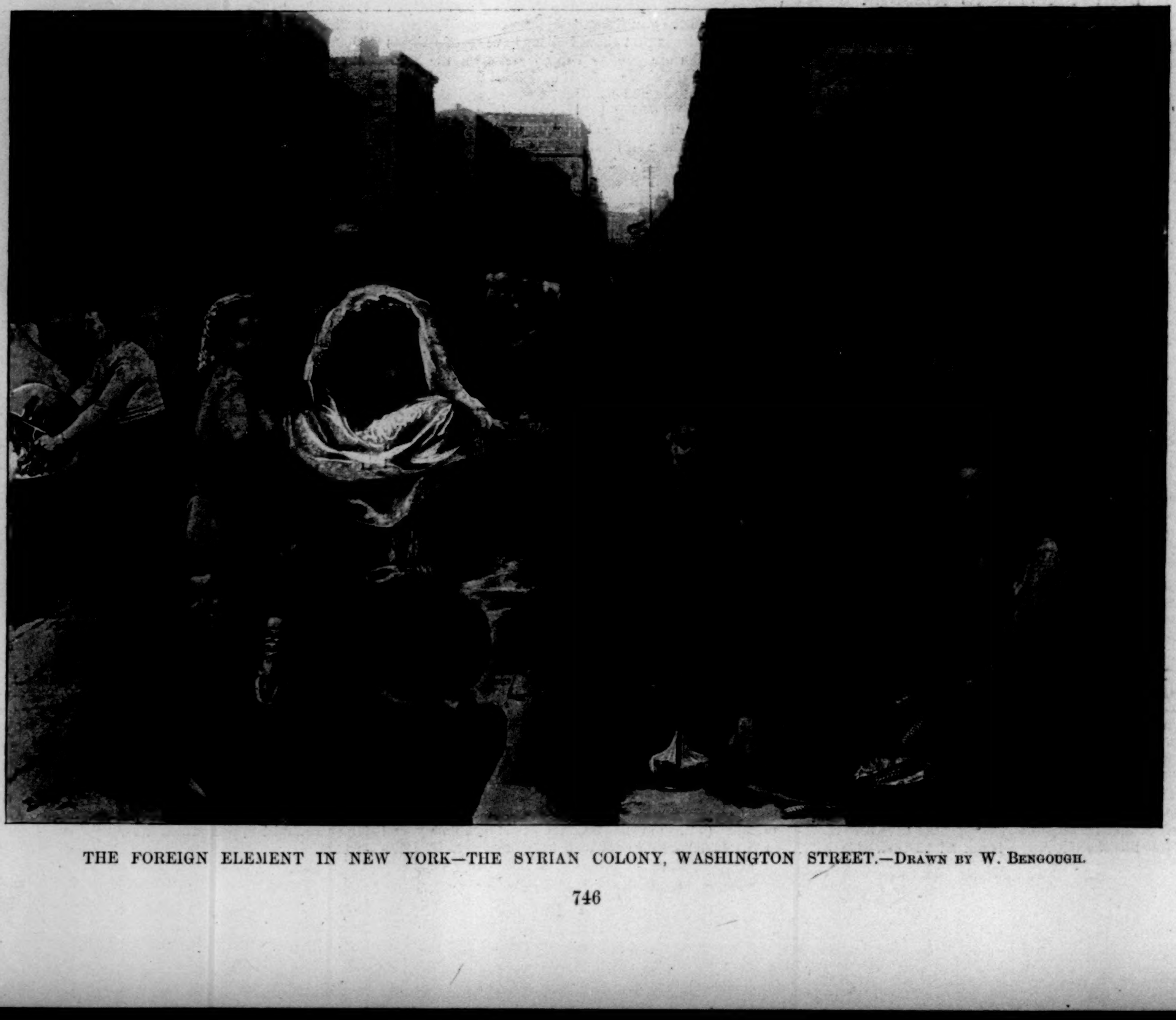
On a bright summer Sunday, when the people gather for church and sociability, the street presents its liveliest aspect. There is a queer mingling of American and Syrian costumes. Some of the prosperous young women are arrayed in all the glory of the latest picture-hats and most startling costumes of colors, putting off the old and taking on the new with such a vigor that there is no doubt at all about their American aspirations; others, less ambitious and less prosperous, still wear their picturesque lace or colored head-dress, conspicuous jewelry, and pointed, upturned shoes; the men cling very generally to the red fez, and occasionally a fur cap or a gorgeously colored sash is seen.

The Turkish water-pipe is a conspicuous feature and a universal household article, the members of the family keeping it alight as they follow one another with a whiff of the fragrant weed.

The restaurants along the street serve as social gathering-places, where games of cards or chess are generally in progress; meals are served in Eastern style, the cooking being altogether strange to American tastes; the bread is in the form of flat cakes, like Scotch "scones."

The waiter sociably joins the groups between courses, puffing meditatively at the nearest water-pipe, while the woman cook sits on the floor at the door of her kitchen taking her ease and her whiff of cool smoke, calmly waiting for the next order. Some of the cooking operations are carried on in the open air, such as roasting corn on a fire-pail.

The children of some of these people are very beautiful, with large black eyes and dark skin, and regular clear-cut features. They are bright and intelligent, being well up in their school studies, and acting as interpreters for their elders, joining the youngest and the oldest civilizations with all their unconscious grace and power, and thus, in the gradual evolution of a nation from the scattered particles of many nations, on to the great universal whole, "a little child shall lead them."



THE FOREIGN ELEMENT IN NEW YORK—THE SYRIAN COLONY, WASHINGTON STREET.—DRAWN BY W. BENGOUGH.

HIS FATHER'S SON.*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS,

AUTHOR OF "VIGNETTES OF MANHATTAN," "A STORY OF A STORY AND OTHER STORIES," "STUDIES OF THE STAGE," "AMERICANISMS AND BRITICISMS," ETC.

VIII.

THE processes of moral disintegration are slow, and for weeks Winslow Pierce did not discover that his morality, always a little arid, was crumbling into ashes. Although there was no external change, the internal structure was shattered and no longer able to resist a strain. From the hour of his father's defence of the buying and selling of the Ramapo Pottery, Winslow found himself taking views of life very different from those he had held before. He did not hear the call of duty so often, and he was more willing to disregard it when he did. He had a keener appreciation of the pleasures of the world and a sharper relish for them.

The first outward sign of his changed condition was in the increasing attention he began to pay to his attire. He had been a little careless about his clothes, buying them ready-made and wearing them after their freshness was gone. Now he found out a fashionable tailor, and bloomed forth rapidly as a dandy. He had Mary go to the most expensive dressmaker in New York, and he ordered for her an outfit for the winter very different from the modest wardrobe which was hers when she married. She told him that she did not need the things, that she had plenty, that it was foolish to buy them; but when he insisted, she wore them with the frank enjoyment of youth. The first walk they took together on Sunday afternoon up Fifth Avenue after they had received their new clothes was delightful to both alike, although Mary's pleasure was a little marred by the doubt whether it was not wrong to think so much of mere apparel.

"It is nice to be rich, isn't it?" asked Winslow, pressing his wife's arm closer to his side as they passed one of the splendid new hotels, and saw two men who were lunching in a window lean forward to look at them.

"I suppose so," Mary answered. "But I don't believe it can be right to spend so much on clothes when there are poor people hungry."

"You gave work to the poor people making that handsome dress you have on, didn't you?" he returned. "And doing good that way has brought you luck. I've never seen you look prettier, Mary, than you do in those clothes."

"Oh, Winslow!" she said, flushing with pleasure.

"I don't wonder," he went on, "that those men in the restaurant turned round to look at you. I know I'd do it if you weren't my wife."

"If I wasn't your wife," she retorted, "I hope you wouldn't look at me that way. It would be horrid."

"I tell you what, Mary," he said, suddenly, "we must go and dine at a restaurant some night. You've never been to Delmonico's, have you?"

"Never," she answered. "And I'd love to."

"Well," he responded, "the first time father and mother dine out—but then they hardly ever do dine out, except with Doctor Thurston. Still, he's sure to ask them some time this fall, and then we'll go on a spree."

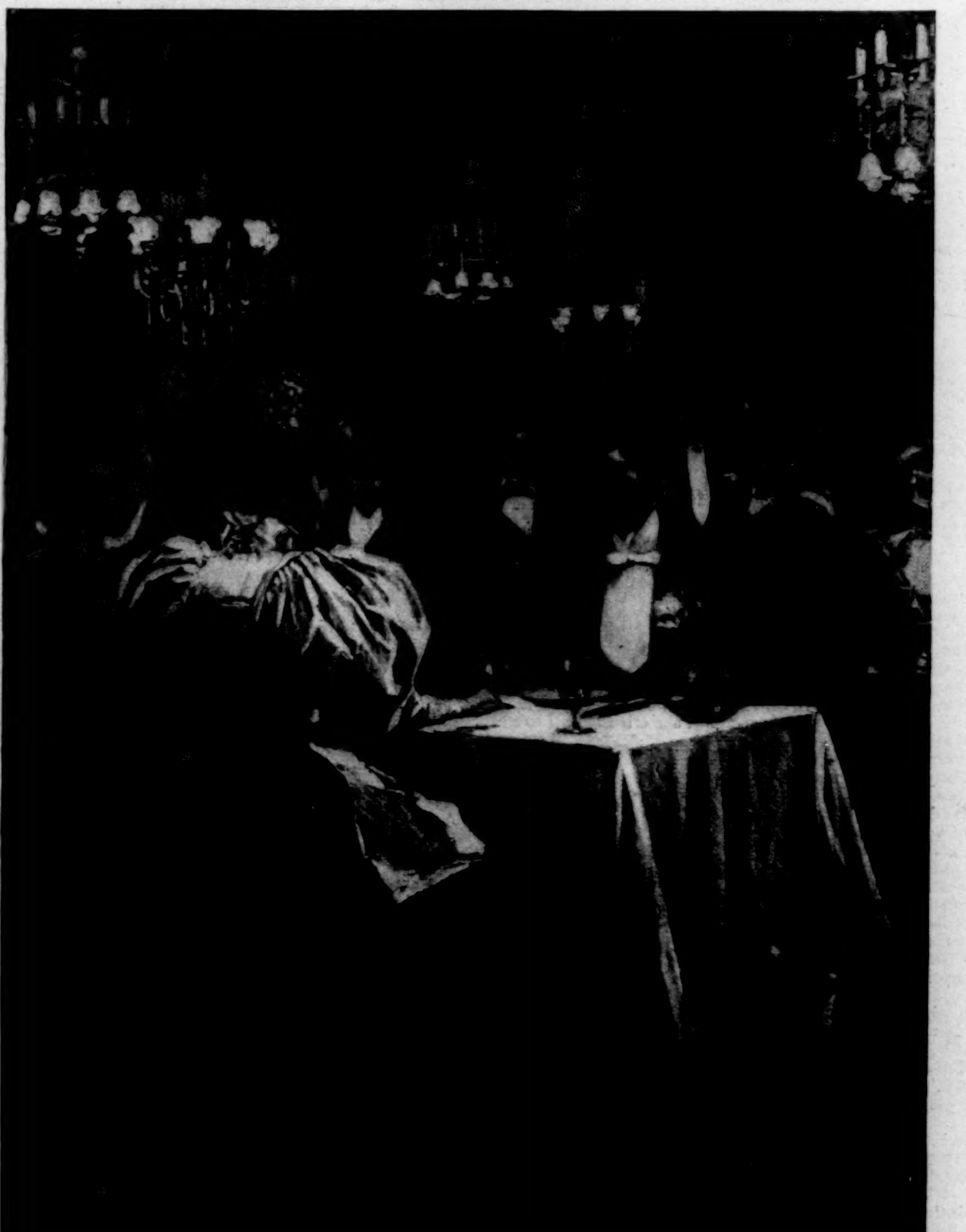
Mary did not quite like this way of putting the proposed dinner, but she said nothing.

"I go to the Delmonico's near our office for lunch every day now," her husband continued. "I meet lots of nice fellows there. One of them used to be in college with me—Ryder. Do you remember Ryder? He was an '89 man."

Mary thought she did remember him vaguely.

"There isn't much for me to do at the office yet," said Winslow, "and I don't know when there ever will be, either, for father doesn't consult me or have me help him really, you know; and he has both the clerks he had before I came down, so I have lots of spare time, and I've seen a good deal of Ryder lately. I haven't told father about him because he's in Mr. Poole's office, and father hates Mr. Poole."

"I don't believe your father really hates anybody," Ezra Pierce's daughter-in-law declared.



"'WHY NOT?' HE ASKED; 'IT WON'T HURT YOU.'"

"Yes, he does," her husband replied. "He hates Sargent, and he hates Poole too. I guess he hates Sargent most. But because an old college friend of mine is in the office of a man father doesn't like, that's no reason I shouldn't speak to him, is it, Mary?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I suppose your father knows best."

"Well, I'm not going to tell him about Ryder, anyway," Winslow responded. "Ryder has been very nice to me, and I don't want to give him up. He's introduced me to a lot of good fellows; I had five of them to lunch with me yesterday at Delmonico's. I knew father was going to be busy with Wemyss all the afternoon."

"And who is Wemyss?" Mary asked.

"He's the man who was foreman or manager of the Ramapo Potteries when I was president of the company," Winslow answered. "The directors of General Ceramic have been cutting down their expenses lately, and Wemyss was one of the men who had to go. He's got some kind of a scheme on hand, and father is letting him explain it all. Perhaps we shall get up a new company soon, and I shall be president of that too."

"If your father gets up companies, and makes you president, and then sells out to some other company, and you are not president any more," said Mary, "I don't really see what good it does you."

"Well," her husband responded, "I suppose I shall learn something every time. And I don't know that this scheme of Wemyss's will come to anything anyway. I think it was perhaps because I was President of the Ramapo Company that Ryder took notice of me first. We didn't know each other at all well in college—why, I don't believe I spoke to him a dozen times. But here in New York he has been very friendly. And he is going to propose me for the Hoyle Club. All the men I had at the lunch yesterday are members, and they urged me to join. I've promised to give them a dinner there within a week after I get in."

"But what is the Hoyle Club?" his wife wanted to know.

"It used to be the Lexington Avenue Whist Club," Winslow explained, "but it was so successful that they took a bigger house last year, and they have their own restaurant now."

"Do they play cards there?" was Mary's immediate inquiry.

"I believe so," her husband answered. "And they've got a splendid big billiard-room; that's what I shall like, for Ryder says I've got the making of a good shot."

"Why, I didn't know you ever played billiards," was the surprised comment of his wife.

"I never did, much," he answered, "till a month or so ago, when I took a cue with Ryder one afternoon. But I'm getting on first-rate already. Last Tuesday I played Ryder for our lunch, and I lost by only fourteen points."

"Oh, Winslow, isn't that gambling?" Mary asked, anxiously.

"Of course it isn't," he returned, promptly; "it's gambling only when you go beyond your means. When the stakes are so slight that you don't care whether you win or lose, you can't call it gambling."

"I don't believe your mother will approve of it," Mary remarked, dubiously.

"Then there's no need to tell her anything about it," said Winslow, forcibly. "I'm out of the nursery now, and I've got to go my own way. You mustn't forget that I've a wife of my own."

"But I don't like your doing anything your mother mustn't be told about," his wife replied. "And I don't believe I like the idea of your playing billiards either—much less for money."

"I don't really play for money," he returned, carelessly—"at least, none to speak of. I guess I can afford to pay for a lunch better than Ryder can."

"I don't believe that you can afford to win from a man who can't afford to lose," she said.

"Then you needn't worry about me, Mary," Winslow retorted, laughing lightly. "I haven't won enough to hurt him. He plays ever so much better than I do."

With this Mary had to be content perforce, and she deemed it best to say nothing more for the moment.

The subject was not again discussed between the young couple until a fortnight later, when Winslow came home with an air of satisfaction, and told his wife that he had been elected to the Hoyle Club.

"I've got to give Ryder and the other men the dinner I promised them," he said, "and I've been puzzled to know how I was going to get out of dining at home. But I've found a way; I'm going to tell mother that I've been invited to dinner with some old college friends."

"Oh, Winslow!" cried his wife, "that would be a story, wouldn't it? You are not invited—you are inviting them."

"That's all the same," he answered. "I'm dining with them, and it doesn't matter who is paying for the dinner."

"You are dining together, I suppose," she admitted. "You could put it that way, if you must."

"The one thing I mustn't do," Winslow went on, accepting this point as disposed of finally, "is to tell father that Ryder is going to be there, because maybe he's heard that Ryder is in Mr. Poole's office, and he wouldn't like me to know anybody in that office."

"Then hadn't you better give him up now?" asked Mary, eagerly.

"After he's got me into the Hoyle Club?" Winslow returned. "That would be gratitude, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose it wouldn't be just right to break with him all at once," she admitted, "but you can do it by degrees."

"What I'm going to do now is to give him and the other men a dinner—as good a dinner as anybody ever had in the Hoyle Club, too. Ryder is going to speak to the steward for me, so that he'll take particular pains about it. I've asked them for Thursday, a week from yesterday."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2012.

“You have asked them already?” Mary queried. “And you don't know what your father will say?”

“What can he say when I tell him that I'm going to dine? Well, I'll tell him that I'm going to have dinner with some old college friends. I don't see how he can possibly object to that,” Winslow declared

As it happened, Ezra Pierce did not object to it at all when Winslow brought in the announcement, adroitly, half an hour later, just after Sanchez had placed the turkey on the table.

“We are going to dine out ourselves, mother and I,” he said, “on Tuesday of next week.”

“Has Doctor Thurston asked you?” Winslow inquired.

“Yes,” his father responded. “Mrs. Thurston is feeling better now, and they are going to begin their dinners. We are invited to the first one.”

“The doctor has had us at the first dinner in the fall every winter now for six years,” said Mrs. Pierce. “He knows that father is his best friend in the congregation But I wish he had asked you too, Mary. I don't like leaving you two to dine here all alone.”

Mary looked over at her husband and smiled as she answered, “I'm not afraid of getting tired of Winslow's society.”

“Of course not,” Mrs. Pierce responded. “I didn't mean that; you know better. But I've got so used to having you at dinner, my dear, that it wouldn't seem dinner to me without you.”

Winslow had remarked that his father was in good-humor that evening, and having safely announced his own dinner out, he ventured again.

“That's so,” he suggested. “Dinner here would be lonely without you and father. This is a pretty big room for two people only. I guess I'll take my wife out where we can see folks. I say, Mary, suppose we go to Delmonico's to dinner the night they go to Doctor Thurston's?”

Mrs. Pierce looked at her son in some surprise, and then she turned to her daughter-in-law.

Mary hesitated a little, and finally she said, “I've never been to Delmonico's, and I think I should like to dine there once.”

Mrs. Pierce commented a little doubtfully “I have never been there either, but I do not believe it is the kind of place I should care for. But I suppose young folks have different views. I'm sure I wish you to have everything you want, my dear; and if you would like to go there, and father sees no harm in it, why shouldn't you go?”

“I don't like the cooking in those foreign places,” Ezra Pierce declared, in response to this appeal to him. “If Winslow wants his wife should see the place once, I have no objection.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Pierce, as the butler took the turkey and left the room, “if you two go out the same night we do, Sanchez can have an extra evening out, as he has been getting very exacting lately.”

So it was that when Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Pierce went to the first of Doctor Thurston's annual series of dinners to the leading members of his congregation, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Pierce walked across Madison Square in the clear November moonlight, and dined together at a little table in a corner of the large room at Delmonico's.

Winslow was dressed with unusual care, and he had a broad chrysanthemum in his button-hole. He had insisted on Mary's wearing one of her new gowns, with her most coquettish bonnet; and she had allowed herself to be persuaded into it. When they had taken their seats they soon discovered that their own unwonted gorgeousness attracted no attention—to the relief of Mary, and a little to the surprise of Winslow.

He ordered the dinner—a long dinner of little delicacies, one or another of which he had had for lunch downtown, so he told Mary; Ryder had given him advice about ordering a dinner as well as about other things.

Mary was occupied in observation of the people at the other tables—of the manners of the men and of the clothes of the women; and she did not listen to all that Winslow said to the waiter. Therefore she was greatly surprised when the glass beside her plate was filled with champagne. Winslow was watching her face in expectation of a protest.

“Oh, Winslow!” was all she said.

“Why not?” he asked. “It won't hurt you. I often have it for lunch.”

“But I never drank any before,” she exclaimed.

“You'll have to drink it now,” her husband returned. “It's ordered, and it's in your glass—you'll get to like it soon enough.”

“I don't really know—” she began.

“I'll know for you,” he interrupted. “Taste it! Didn't your father ever have champagne? He wasn't a temperance crank.”

“He didn't insist on total abstinence, if that's what you mean,” she explained. “He believed in every man's deciding for himself, I've heard him say often; and, as president of a college, he thought it best for him to set a good example.”

“Well, I'll set you a good example now,” her husband said, with a caressing smile. “You belong to me now, and must do as I do,” and with that he emptied his glass.

When the dinner was over Mary had done little more than taste her wine, and Winslow had to finish the pint almost without her assistance.

While they were eating their ice-cream he looked at her and smiled and said, “I've got another surprise for you ”

“What is it?” she asked.

He took out his new card-case, with a silver monogram on the black alligator-skin, and he picked out two long, narrow, brown tickets.

“What are those for?” she asked again

“You shall see soon enough,” he answered, returning the tickets to the card-case and the card-case to his pocket.

They had two little cups of coffee, and Winslow, whose eyes were already bright and whose cheeks were a little flushed, ordered a tiny glass of green mint.

When they were going out he paused in the vestibule to light a cigarette, and then they started off together But instead of crossing the square, Winslow turned down Broadway.

“Why, Winslow,” cried his wife, “where are you going?”

“Where we are going is the other surprise,” he answered.

“Won't you tell me?” she pleaded.

“Haven't you had a good time so far?” he asked. “Didn't you like the little taste of wine you had?”

“It has gone to my head, I believe,” she answered.

“That won't hurt you,” he responded. “You'll soon get over that. You have enjoyed your dinner, haven't you? Well, then, you just trust to me, and you'll enjoy the next surprise, too.”

He guided her down Broadway and across Union Square, and through Fifteenth Street to Irving Place. Then he took out his two tickets, just as they walked up some steps under a broad canopy

The building they were entering was the Academy of Music, and gaudy posters before the door announced *The Black Crook*, and declared that Miss Daisy Fostelle would appear as Stalacta.

Mary caught sight of one of the pictures of Stalacta with the name of the play above it, and she shrank back.

“This is the surprise,” said Winslow, drawing her on. “You've never seen *The Black Crook*, have you? I told you I'd take you off on a spree.”

Mary sat through the play with her brain whirling, not knowing what to think, enjoying the skilfully blended colors of the spectacle, and shocked at some of the costumes Winslow laughed at Greppo and expressed open admiration for Stalacta.

“She is handsome, isn't she?” he cried. “She doesn't hide her good looks either, does she? Ryder knows her, and—”

“I should think that your friend Mr. Ryder has more than one undesirable acquaintance,” interrupted Mary.

“I guess he has,” Winslow admitted. “He knows lots of people of all sorts. I never saw a man who had so many acquaintances. I think it's quite a compliment he's taken such a fancy to me.”

During one of the intermissions Winslow thought he saw Ryder at the back of the house. He was gone until after the curtain had risen again, and when he came back he had a coffee bean between his lips.

He sank heavily into the chair beside his wife.

“It wasn't Ryder,” he whispered, “but it's all right. I met two of the fellows who are going to dine with me day after to-morrow, and it's all right.”

Winslow aided in accomplishing a repetition of Miss Daisy Fostelle's song; but during the last act he almost went to sleep three or four times, recovering himself abruptly, and explaining to Mary that the heat of the theatre made him drowsy.

When they reached home she could not but notice how flushed was his face, ordinarily so pale, and she thought that his movements were a little strange; and there was something unusual even in the way he threw his arms about her and kissed her several times as she was combing her hair for the night. She said nothing, but she lay awake for a long while, listening to her husband's heavy breathing, and wondering whether her vague and scarcely formulated suspicions had any foundation at all, or whether, in her youthful ignorance of life, she failed to understand.

But when Winslow came home two nights later at half past one o'clock in the morning, after his dinner at the Hoyle Club, with his step unsteady and his utterance thick, and when he sank down on the bed in his clothes and dropped off instantly into a stupid slumber, it was no longer possible for her to doubt. She spent the night on the sofa; and it was almost the late winter dawn when at last she cried herself to sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HANGING OF BAD TOM SMITH.

TEN years ago, Jackson, a little mountain town scattered loosely over two dusty yellow hills in Breathitt County, Kentucky, was the seat of one of the bitter feuds that have stained the highland border of the State with blood, and abroad have engulfed the reputation of the Blue-grass. It is the terminus now of the only railroad that has penetrated the Eastern fastnesses, and a fortnight ago it put the first foot on the neck of Kentucky mountain lawlessness by hanging “Bad” Tom Smith, a desperado of the French-Eversole feud There have been perhaps half a hundred unjustifiable homicides around Jackson in the last ten years This was the first legal hanging in the county—the region; and it means an epoch.

The Kentucky mountaineer has been the most isolated of the Southern mountaineers. He was more evenly divided by the war because he was oftener a slave-holder In consequence, the war gave him the feud, the feud gave him the ambush, and the ambush gave him Bad Tom Smith and his like.

Bad Tom was an assassin. He was a good-looking fellow just over thirty, with a pallid face, a black mustache—the *sine qua non* of the mountain dandy—black hair, and black upper and under lashes that literally lay out on his cheeks. The eye under them was blue, languid, and bold only when it looked into a woman's. He played the banjo and sang; and, as he himself said, women would leave their husbands to follow him. In the French-Eversole feud, several years ago, he killed many men, usually as a hireling, and always from ambush. Last spring he killed a man near Jackson. Meanwhile Jackson had built a school and created the public sentiment that made this murder Bad Tom's last.

On the day of the execution an excursion train ran up from the Blue-grass. To the credit of the region it started with one man—a reporter. In the brush country the hill people boarded it, and at Jackson seat and aisle were full Perhaps four thousand mountaineers were already there Many had come in a week ahead on foot and horseback, in ox-carts and heavy wagons, and had camped on the edge of the town, waiting They had streamed in from the head-waters of the Kentucky, the Big Sandy, and the Cumberland—men, women, children, babes in arms, friends and enemies of the condemned man, and feudsmen in plenty, Littles and Strongs of Breathitt, Howards and Turners of Harlan, Frenches and Eversoles of Perry, Hatfields and McCoys of Pike.

Trouble was expected. The sheriff was supposed to be Bad Tom's friend, and it was claimed that he had selected fifty of the murderer's friends for his inner guard. So Jackson formed an outer guard of two hundred and fifty for the grim purpose of seeing that Tom's friends passed him through the trap-door instead of out into the woods. At seven o'clock in the morning the murderer was taken down to the river between two long lines of Winchesters and baptized in the muddy water. All the morning after that prayers and shoutings and wailing hymns came from the jail. Now and then Bad Tom's pale face would appear at the window, and sometimes a preacher would thrust his hands through the bars and preach to the gaping crowd outside.

At the time set for the execution the sheriff spoke from the scaffold and said that Bad Tom had been forgiven for all his murders but the last, and that he would give the condemned man two hours in which to pray pardon for that. Meanwhile Tom telegraphed an earthly prayer to the Governor for a respite, which was denied, and at one o'clock the murderer stood on the boxlike scaffold, confessing a half-dozen murders one after another to the newspaper men. When he was through he wiped his forehead, gave one deep sigh, and smiled, as though a weight were gone at last. Then he spoke to the big crowd that was massed about the scaffold. Sharp men, whiskey, and bad women, he said, had ruined him.

“I want all who will stop whiskey and try to avoid my end to raise their hands.”

Instantly a hand shot above every sunburnt face. Bad Tom smiled what seemed to be an honest smile. “That's beautiful,” he said. Then they listened with respect and silence. Some of the women cried softly; the men were grave. Everybody was except one little woman in black, who, with three little children, was pressing against the rope. Her face wore a curious smile.

At his own request, the murderer walked around the railing for at least ten minutes, singing. I swung from the scaffold then near the little woman in black. She insisted that the children should be held where they could see. A mountaineer spoke to her, holding out his hand, “How air ye?”

“I'm feeling mighty good now,” she said. She was the widow of Bad Tom's last victim.

For forty minutes the murderer spoke, sang, and prayed. Then the white curtains were drawn. The rest was unseen; but one scream of terror and an answering wail on the edge of the crowd from the condemned man's sister told what was done.

There is no other way than this to reach the imagination of these mountaineers, and it was well that there was such a crowd. To-day the hanging is talked of in every cave in the mountains of Kentucky and West Virginia, and the law has gained a power that it never had before. Now the mountaineers know that money and influence can fail, for Bad Tom was the henchman of the most astute leader in the mountains, a man who was lawyer, merchant, and trader; who is shrewd, genial, and apparently most kindly Hear him tell the story of his feud and you will think that in his place you must have done as he did. His enemies say that he has never fired a gun, and yet he obliterated the other faction, came out unscathed and prosperous. When not fighting he is said to have kept his men at work getting out timber. When sent to the Blue-grass for trial he moved his family there, went into business, matched the keenness of the shrewdest lawyers in his trial, came clear, and lives there prosperous to-day. That such a man could not save Bad Tom will help the law incalculably in the mountains.

Isolation is the secret of this barbarism. The Kentucky mountaineer lives like the pioneer. He still has the fierce code of the backwoodsman, and he has had a century apart from church and school in which to deteriorate. He is rarely a thief, a robber, or a liar. He is pathetically hospitable and obliging. The people who take active part in the feuds are comparatively few. The stranger and the non-partisan are rarely molested. Property of the beaten faction is rarely touched. On one side or the other ambush is unusual. Withal the Kentucky mountaineer is pretty bad, but consider his awful isolation since the Revolution and you wonder that he is not worse.

LIFE AND LETTERS

So many things are subjective that at times it seems very questionable whether there are any causes or effects outside of our consciousness. A tree falls in the solitude of a forest where there is no one by to hear, and there is no more noise than if it fell in a dream, or not at all. A terrible review of your book is written, and if, in spite of all the intentions and accidents which bring such things to the author's eye, you happen not to see it, there has practically been no such review, so far as you are concerned. The gems of the dark unfathomed caves, the flowers born to blush unseen, have they really the purest ray serene, do they ever actually waste their sweetness where there is no nose to smell it? “What is truth, saith jesting Pilate,” but he might much more merrily ask, What is fact? Even of the thing that has veritably been, where there were people to witness and report of it, there is no absolutely faithful record outside of the witnesses' consciousness.

I suppose I am urging these sophistical considerations in order to prepare the reader for any disappointment he might feel in not being able to believe everything I should like to say about some aspects of our summer life, in this paper and in others, from time to time. I am sure that if I told the very truth on all points he would find it still more difficult; not that I mean to tell it, but that I wish him to understand that he would not believe it if I did, and that he might as well have fiction at once.

I

When Life and Letters, early in July, quitted their classic abode in Franklin Square, and set forth on their summer wanderings, it was to visit the Long Island mosquito in his home. They had another purpose, of course, but this was what they gave out as their motive. They had heard much of this mosquito, but during their winter excursions to his haunts they had never seen him. I say his, but I ought to say her, for if there is anything ascertained in regard to the mosquito it is that he is always she. Very little else is known to science, though a great deal is known to literature, especially the literature which humorously imagines itself funny. It is this which has constructed the popular character of the mosquito, and assigned it the whole of Long Island for a habitat, though perhaps that is the only locality where the mosquito is not to be found, or if found is found not unfriendly or troublesome. Such is the influence of the American paragrapher that nothing is more firmly established in the public mind concerning Long Island than the superstition of its mosquito, and no sooner had Life and Letters said they were going down to Long Island, than they were told that they would never come back; that the mosquitoes would eat them up; that they would lift them out of their chairs. They were told that at one point on the island where there was a large town, and almost as large a settlement of summer sojourners, the mosquitoes were so bad that people were obliged to put pantaloons on the mules which draw the lawn-mowers. The person who said this had seen both the pantaloons and the mules.

It must be confessed that at the first point where the explorers stopped there were certain ominous peculiarities of the local architecture. Every door and every window was scrupulously netted, though whether the chimney-tops were netted, as they are in some Boston suburbs, the explorers could not tell. They only know that they were quite safe in-doors through the night, and that the next day they walked about and sat round far into the evening without the least molestation from mosquitoes. Some mosquitoes indeed they saw, and some they heard, but these insects so far respected the laws of hospitality as not to make the strangers their prey.

The experience was so contrary to all that had been promised or threatened, that they began to question the natives. First they looked for the mules in pantaloons in all the fields of tall grass, but there were not even any mules. There were pantaloons everywhere in plenty; some lady bicyclists wore a modification of them; but there were no mosquitoes, or at least none that stung. The natives frankly owned, when questioned, that they had sometimes had them in times past, though they spoke so vaguely, and with so little evident fear of ever having them again, that one could hardly credit their confession. They said that after a week's rain, when it came off warm, they had been known; but it had already been raining some days, and now it was warm, and there were no mosquitoes. When Life and Letters joined in calling the attention of the natives to this fact they could not deny it; and then they said that a north wind was apt to bring them from the inland marshes where they fed, but that a sea-breeze carried them all off again.

In places where the salt meadows formed the shore of the Great South Bay the people said that the mosquitoes only troubled you where the swamps were fresh; where there were fresh-water swamps, they accounted for their absence by the fact that there were no salt meadows. At points east they had the impression that the mosquitoes infested the western parts; at points west they understood that they were very bad farther east. Some believed that they were worst in September; others that they were worst in June; others yet conjectured their possible animosity in the latter part of July and the beginning of August. No one could be positive, or specific, so that Life and Letters came away not so wise as they had been when they trusted to hearsay before visiting the island. It is true that there were the nettings on the doors and windows, so abundant that the whole landscape of the island seemed netted; but from their own experience they could not have said that these were not intended solely as a protection against flies.

II.

If they were disappointed of mosquitoes on Long Island they had full compensation in air and scenery of peculiar charm. I myself am very fond of levels, and I am not surprised, therefore, that Life and Letters found those of southern Long Island delightful. Through the nettings there is sometimes a glimmer of hazy hills to the northward, but for the most part there is not even this to break the line of the vast plain. The yellow-and-green beach beyond the blue expanses of the Great South Bay shows as a range of sand dunes, a little higher here, a little lower there, but nowhere loftier than the sail of a catboat, and never out of keeping with the even smoothness of the mainland. In the latter part of June and the early part of July this has a summer wealth and peace, very soothing to the eye after the harsh impact of city sights, as you see it from the train, softly varying itself from dwarfish woods of oak and pine to swamps of alder and huckleberry, gay with the bloom of dogroses; or meadows heavy with purple-headed timothy or crimson clover bolls; or wheat-fields richly ripe and of a yellow gold deepening to copper; or densely green apple orchards, and near the houses old, old cherry-trees.

It is not from the train, though, that you see Long Island aright. From the train you see the things I have named, and other graces of the landscape which refuse themselves to the catalogue; but these pleasant characteristics are perpetually interrupted by the arrests at the stations, with their little flutter of business activity, their evidence of suburban fashion in the smart vehicles and crop-tailed horses waiting about, of summer sojourn in the hotel omnibuses, and of native life in the more or less decrepit carryalls and buggies. On the Long Island south shore the little villages beaded upon the railroad are only five or ten minutes apart, and even these are not seen at their best from the train, and often they are not seen at all. But they have commonly their main street upon that famous South Country Road which runs from one end of the island to the other, and if you will drive through them on this you will see how pretty they are with their foliage on, and how quaint they are when, like Mr. Fuller's heroine, they give up trying to be beautiful. It is useless to pretend that they have the neatness and tastefulness of New England villages; but I like a little the slovenly graces, and these friendly-looking, homelike towns did not trouble me by their occasional negligences. One does not find much evidence of their ancient settlement, short of East Hampton, I suppose, though they must all be two centuries old at least; but now and then in town and country you come upon a house thoroughly local. This is a kind of house shingled down to the ground, as many old houses in the New England fishing-towns are; but on Long Island the shingles are wide, and they show to the depth of eight or ten inches, with an effect of solidity in the wall which nothing else but stone gives to the eye. It is such a very good house, so quiet, naïve, and pleasing, when mere carpentry, that I could not help wondering that architecture seemed nowhere to have worked forward from it, in the characteristics I have noted, among the summer cottages.

These, shingled and clapboarded in all varieties of affectation and consciousness, with a rarely occasional simplicity and beauty, line pretty much the whole length of the South Country Road, where you encounter many other evidences of wealth waiting for taste to catch up with it. The ponderous landau, with the fat coachman and jingling harness chains; the drag, the trap, the dog-cart, with the brown-hatted groom, far outnumber the native buggies and village carryalls; and the faces you see are mostly Manhattan Island faces, not Long Island.

III.

I fancy that even the faces which flash or whir by on bicycles are New York faces in far the greater part, though now the bicycle is so universal that our whole continent may be said to be wheeling. On Long Island the South Country Road, with its smooth levels almost unbroken by a rise or fall of ground, swarms with bicyclers of every age and sex, and is perhaps one of the best places to debate, with the evidence for and against before the eye, a question which seems still to be vexed. As to men, it is perhaps no longer so, but the sense of beauty does not concern itself with their graceless sex. As to women, it is different; in whatever they are or do, that sense demands satisfaction, and the question with Life and Letters was whether in view of bicycling and the bicycless, it must not forever famish.

I should not like to be thought of as entering into the question at all, myself, and I shall only try to report their discussion as I know it, or so much as I think for the reader's good; and I shall not try to characterize the persons, or personifications, that took part in it.

Life, as a young lady comes beating up a slight rise of ground, with a canvas on the wheel before her: "Oh, look! She's been sketching. Well, she is making her bicycle of some use. Perhaps she is putting her art in evidence, a little."

Letters: "Is it any worse than exhibiting it—in the Artists', for instance?"

Life: "No; and it's much easier. Besides, she had to get it home somehow. There! See how fast that girl yonder is going! Is that what they call sprinting?"

Letters: "That's what they call scorching."

Life: "Well, what is the difference from working a sewing-machine?"

Letters: "That is done with one foot; and it's useful."

Life: "They say this is useful too. It is very good for the nerve-balance; and the sewing-machine is very bad for that."

Letters: "Perhaps because they work it with only one foot. They ought to use two. Then the nerve-balance would come right."

Life, absently, while gazing at a troop of cyclers and cyclesses passing: "Perhaps. I don't know whether I like the knickerbockers more, or the loaded skirt."

Letters: "Or less?"

Life: "They're both very ungraceful; or undignified."

Letters: "I don't know about the grace. It certainly doesn't look like the poetry of motion yet; but perhaps we're not used to it. It suggests the walking-beam of the steamboat at close view; but at a little distance you lose the grotesque effect. It certainly requires distance."

Life: "The more the better. I don't know but the exhibition of that canvas was rather modest, after all. At any rate, it obscured the walking-beam effect—hid it, in fact. Why couldn't something be contrived to do that permanently on the bicycle?"

Letters: "Like the dash-board of a buggy?"

Life: "Yes; or that leather apron you pull up when it rains. Perhaps it wouldn't do. Could a fat woman ever look graceful on a wheel?"

Letters: "Could a fat woman look graceful on foot?"

Life: "There is something in that. But you must allow it's very undignified."

Letters: "I didn't know I was defending it."

Life: "No; but fancy a dignified woman on a wheel. You can't."

Letters: "Yonder comes one. She is clearly a lady, and she is dignified."

Life: "She is severe. She looks as if she defied you to think her undignified. There! She is off her wheel. She is in a short skirt and high boots. She tries to carry it off very haughtily, but she looks—stumpy. What do you think of that tall lean girl in spectacles?"

Letters: "Culture on a bicycle? What harm?"

Life: "Oh, none! But I thought we were talking about grace. It's very strange! I dare say we shall get accustomed to it. But imagine one's mother on a bicycle!"

Letters: "I don't think that's a test, quite. The *fin de siècle* atmosphere would be wanting."

Life: "Or the *fin de bisiècle*."

Letters: "You can't expect me to notice *that*."

Life: "No; but what figure—female figure—men's figures are hideous anyway, and always, as they are in dancing—can you fancy graceful on a wheel?"

Letters: "You remember Michelangelo's Fortune: the goddess bestriding her wheel—a unicyclist? One wouldn't want to go quite so far as that. But light, flying drapery; youth; beauty; sculpturesque, long forms; fearless innocence and unconsciousness; an unhooded head and a radiant smile—yes, it is imaginable."

Life: "With distance?"

Letters: "Oh, distance certainly."

Life: "The more the better?"

Letters: "I'm not so sure. There would be no harm."

Life: "Oh, it isn't a question of that, any more. There can be no harm in what every one does, if it isn't wrong in itself. And they hope that dress-reform is to advance in the knickerbockers of the bicyclers."

Letters: "Yes. But I wish the bicycle had made lacing as impossible as long skirts. Yonder comes a woman with a waist as small as her neck. Frightful! I wonder if they know how ugly they are? Like insects; like hourglasses! With her violent exercise, why doesn't she gasp and drop from her wheel?"

Life: "Because lacing is wholesome, I suppose, if it isn't pretty. But it's incongruous on the wheel."

Letters: "Yes; the Fortune has a waist like a washerwoman. Perhaps beauty is really plebeian."

W. D. HOWELLS.

RICHARD MORRIS HUNT.

THE question who is the greatest of American architects thus far is a question not very easy to answer, and the answer to it would depend not alone upon the technical training and competency of the answerer, but upon his personal predilections and temperament. But if the question were changed to the question who was the most successful of American architects, not necessarily in the extent of his practice, in the magnitude of his works, or their artistic excellence or individuality, but in the position which he occupied in the public mind as the representative of the architectural profession, if not of the art of architecture itself, in the United States, most fairly instructed persons would agree in giving the name of Richard Morris Hunt, who died on the last day of July at Newport, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

The causes of this distinction are not very far to seek. In the first place, Mr. Hunt began the practice of his profession in this country, almost exactly forty years ago, by far the best equipped for its practice of any native American. The kind and extent of training which almost any young American who desires to be an architect, and whose parents are able to afford it, may now enjoy, he was the only young American architect of his time to have undergone. His father, not only a respectable but a distinguished man in Vermont, died when his son Richard was but four years old, and his elder son, William Morris, afterwards the famous painter, was but eight. After a course of instruction at New Haven and at the Boston Latin School, the boy, at the age of fifteen, was taken abroad by his mother to complete his general education and to begin his special education. He studied architecture first at Geneva under Darier, afterwards at Paris in the Beaux-Arts as a pupil in the atelier of Hector Lefuel. After his "wander years" in Europe, Egypt, and Asia Minor, the pupil, on his return to Paris in 1854, rejoined his teacher, Lefuel, who had been appointed to design and superintend the extension of the Louvre, and made under the direction of his master the drawings for the Pavillon de la Bibliothèque, which is known to all visitors to Paris.

The next year, 1855, he began his American career with the design of a town house in New York, since demolished, but in which appeared plainly enough the results of his studies for the Louvre, and also with the designs of the earliest of the cottages or villas of that Newport with the expansion and upbuilding of which he has been for the intervening years so closely identified that the aspect of the wonderful watering-place owes more to-day to the work of Mr. Hunt than to that of any other person. These earlier efforts were even ludicrously humble compared with the great profusion and costliness of the latest additions to the architecture of Newport from the same hand, but they none the less bore honorable testimony not only to the fidelity of the young architect's European studies, but also to his conviction that the practical problems that confronted him in his own country could not be solved by a mere repetition or even by an adaptation of his academic studies.

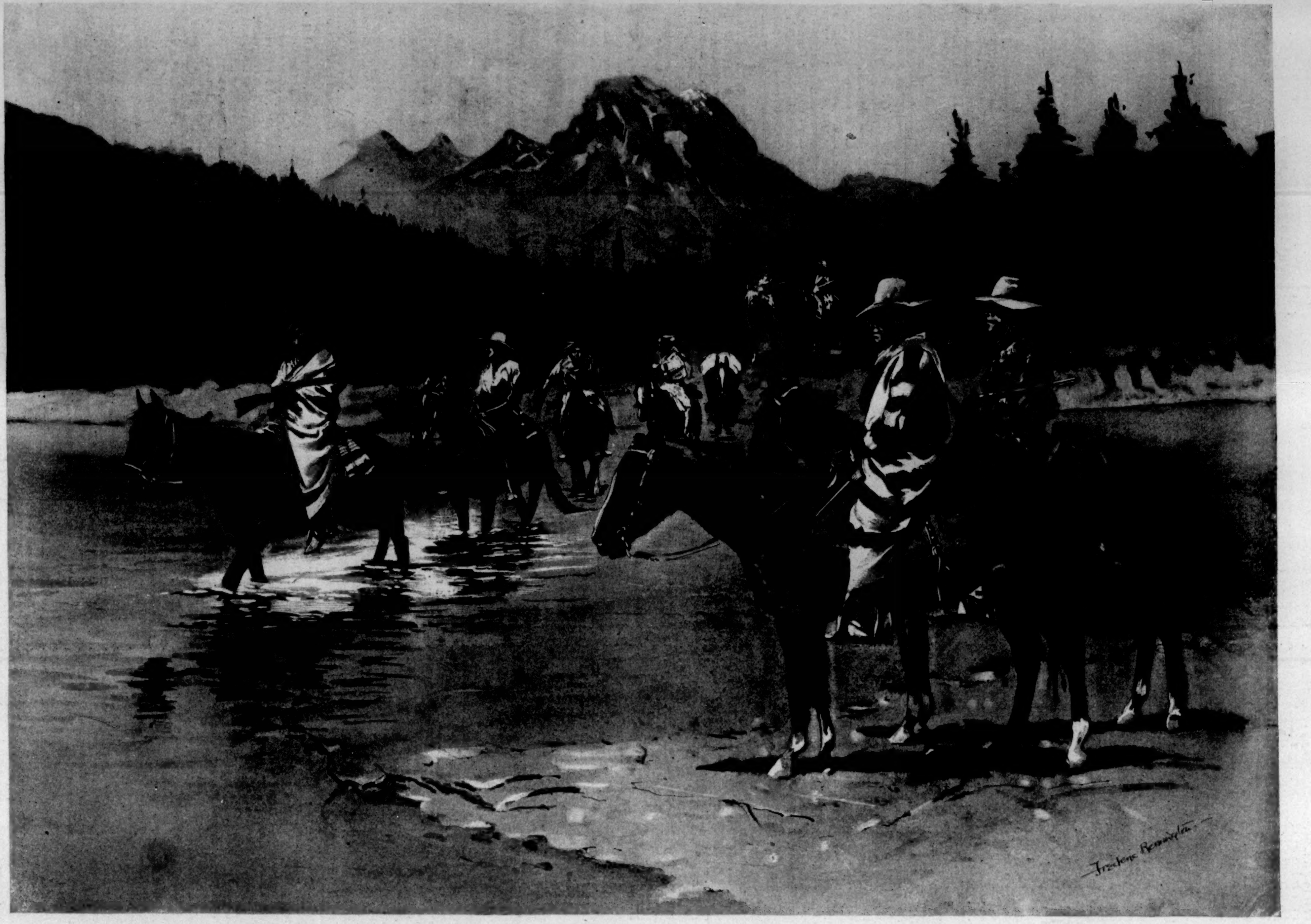
After these original and somewhat startling beginnings the young architect lapsed into comparative inactivity. The decade 1860–70 was spent largely in Europe and added little to the record of his professional achievements. But early in the seventies he resumed the active practice of his profession in New York, and for that decade produced not only a number of country houses not easy to classify, but also a number of city buildings that are known to every New-Yorker, at least, and some that are as familiar to the residents of other cities. These are very individual, picturesque, and original works, in which there is never any lack of vivacity and which are quite certain to break in upon the apathy of the beholder, while, alternating with them, are edifices of which the characteristic is a monumental gravity attaining sometimes a monumental dignity. Of the former class are the Brimmer House on Boston Common, the *Tribune* building, the older buildings of the Presbyterian Hospital, and the Coal and Iron Exchange in New York, and the buildings of the Theological Seminary in New Haven. The best-known and perhaps the best example of the latter is the Lenox Library.

It is a curious fact that with all Mr. Hunt's versatility, with all his thoroughness of equipment, his restlessness of experimentation, and the unusually wide range of his practice, he should have become an indisputably established architect, and should even have passed his fiftieth year, before he really found his proper and congenial architectural environment. He found it first in 1882 with the house of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, in Fifth Avenue, which was probably the very first, and certainly the first strikingly successful, of his essays in the French Renaissance—the architecture of the châteaux of the Loire.

It was perhaps the popular success of this work that determined the subsequent career of its author, who thenceforth addicted himself in the main, at least in his domestic work, to the style in which this was composed. The group of "Marquand houses" in Madison Avenue, the Gerry house in Fifth Avenue, and a very admirable house on the Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, were the chief productions that followed it in town houses. In summer houses their author had the opportunity of giving to his works in the French Renaissance the detachment and in some degree the amplitude that belonged to what, without any impeachment of his talent, may fairly be called their originals, as in the Goelet house at Newport; while in Biltmore, in North Carolina, which he scarcely lived to see completed, he had the unique opportunity of erecting a château in the old sense, a "seat" set in ample grounds and laid out on a truly lordly scale.

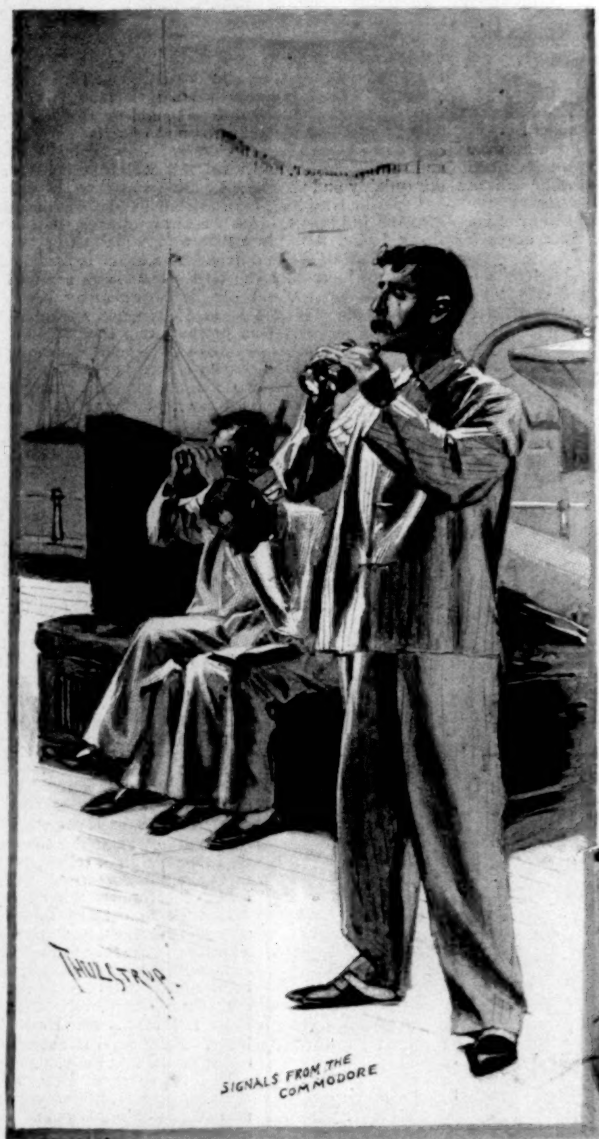
He by no means practised in this style exclusively, even in his latest years, but alternated it with exercises in Italian or in a stricter classic. Among the former is "The Breakers," one of the most artistic as well as one of the most sumptuous of the Newport villas. Among the latter is the even more noted, but perhaps less noteworthy, "Marble House," also at Newport. It is fortunate for Mr. Hunt's fame that that building of his which has been seen and considered by the most people, the Administration Building of the World's Fair at Chicago, should also be that which exhibits him perhaps at his very best, seeing that there are in it the reconciliation and fusion of artistic qualities that elsewhere seem so diverse, strict classicism and free picturesqueness, monumental repose and Parisian *chic*. It fully merited the gold medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects, the highest prize open to architects throughout the civilized world, and the fit crown of the architect's career.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.


Frederic Remington

RECENT UPRISING AMONG THE BANNOCK INDIANS—A HUNTING PARTY FORDING THE SNAKE RIVER SOUTHWEST OF THE THREE TETONS (MOUNTAINS).

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE EDITORIAL, PAGE 745.]



SIGNALS FROM THE COMMODORE

AMERICA'S YACHTING WEEK.

BY HAMBLEN SEARS.

I.

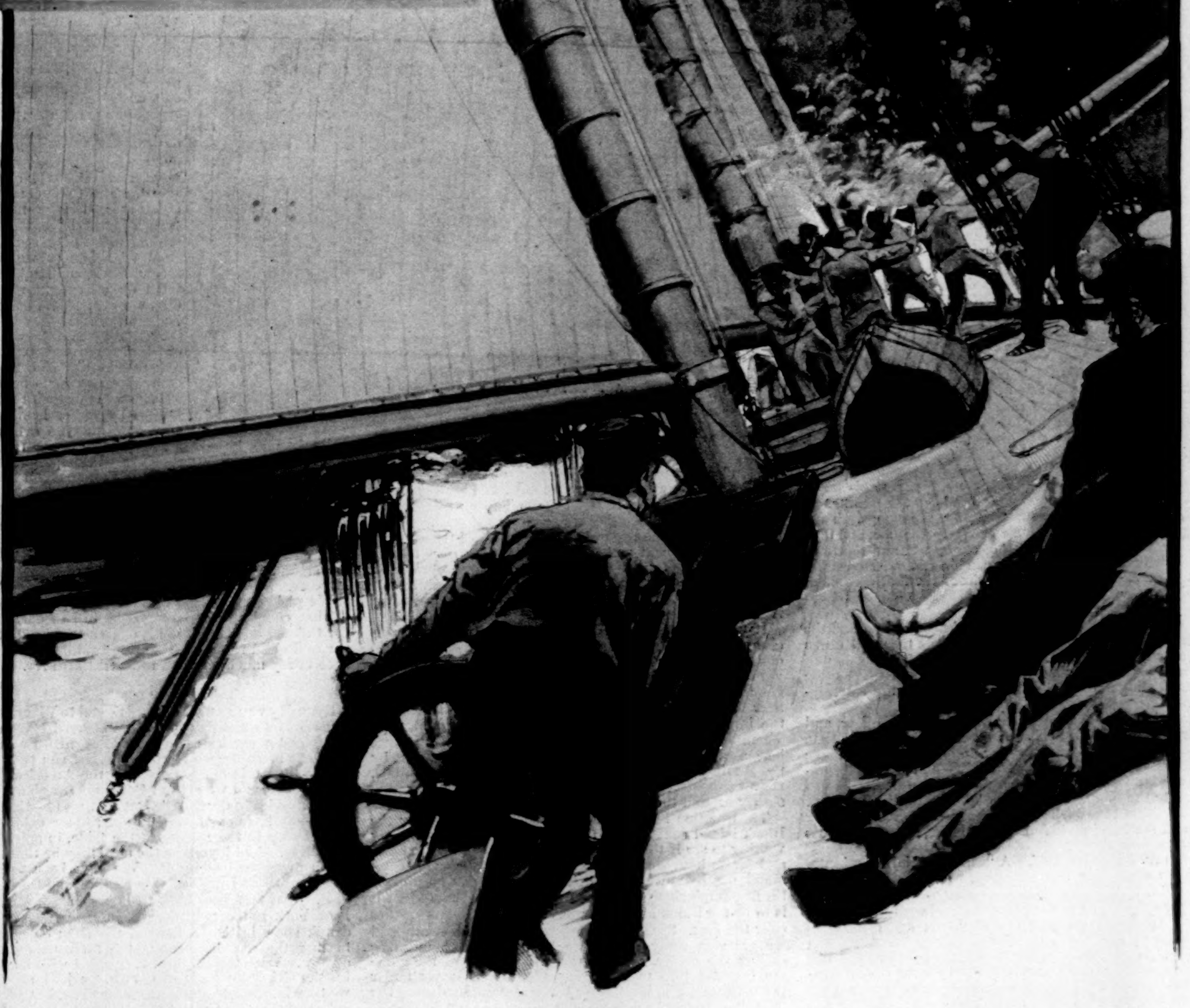
THE letter from the Colonel said that if I would take the five-o'clock train from New York, run out along the north shore of Long Island to Glen Cove, and there take the wagon to the boat-landing, I could not fail to find *Vivian* if I asked any boatman to row me out to her. That read clearly enough in the note, and could be and was followed to the letter until the time came for finding *Vivian* at anchor. From this point my boatman, at the rate of two dollars per hour, rowed me all over the bay and ran down every hundred-foot schooner in the fleet for the rest of the afternoon and half the evening. Then at ten o'clock, when we returned to the landing, one warm but rich, the other poor and angry, it was simple enough to find out what a little ingenuity would have discovered before, that this Monday was the first day of the cruise, and consisted of a race off Glen Cove, wherein, as sometimes occurs, the wind had died away calm, and that *Vivian*, with some forty other amateur sail, was at that moment, and had been during my costly hours, drifting about in Long Island Sound. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to sit on a hotel piazza near the landing and wait for the calm to roll by.

Just before midnight there came the heavy swing of oars in under the gloom, and for the twentieth time I looked over the railing, saw four bluejackets swaying together, and heard the familiar, "Way 'nough!" But for the first time I caught a familiar ring in the command, and knew that *Vivian* was in and my vigil ended. In a moment we were in the stern-seats, the Colonel had given: "Oars! Let fall! Give way!" and I had entered upon a different kind of life for the next week—a life as distant from office, suburban trains, late dinners, and early breakfasts as could possibly be—a life of work and enjoyment, of etiquette and informality, of discipline and freedom. As the Colonel talked of the race, the beastly calm, the difficulty of getting into a decent anchorage, we worked out under bowsprit shrouds and graceful overhangs until the silent white sides of the good *Vivian* loomed up, and in a moment we had swung under her stern and brought up at the starboard gangway.

Then came the descent from the deck into a bright cabin, with its hearty hand-shakes from half a dozen red-faced men lying about sleepily in white duck clothes, with its chaff at the city man's paleness, and finally a long cigar and a small amount of King William at the bottom of a glass of plain soda. And so the annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club was begun.

II.

Every yachtsman, if he is worthy of the name, rises before sunrise. But then it should be remembered that the sun never rises aboard a yacht till eight o'clock. Still, it is a



"HEAVE AWAY!"

usual thing aboard the average boat, where guests and owners alike are sailors, and go over the cruise for the pleasure of taking part in sailing and making sail—it is a usual thing for one after another to crawl sleepily up the gangway in his pajamas, and, rubbing his eyes at the light, take a weak look around the fleet. It may be half past five, it may be seven. The episode repeats itself over and over again, only varied by the number of guests.

About seven, however, a cluster of pajamaed figures gathers on the after-skylight over the gangway, and somebody searches out the mast and funnel of the Commodore's boat. Then comes the question as to what the Commodore has to say for the day. Some one brings forth the signal-code and spreads it on his knees. Two or three others keep their glasses fixed on the Commodore's rigging, and everybody gradually wakes up.

The sun is by this time high in the heavens, but no flags are flying, no gun is fired, and as it is not sunrise no lady in the fleet is supposed to appear on deck. If there are any going along with the cruise—and there frequently are—they must keep within the seclusion which their own private cabins grant or take the consequences; for it is the yachtsman's privilege, nay, his bounden duty, to have his plunge off the deck every morning, and if this plunge were for any reason prevented, the cruise could scarcely go on. Something unusual would happen, and the whole week would be unsatisfactory.

As soon as the signals go up in the Commodore's rigging there is a great deal of talking on the part of the men with the glasses. "Blue flag with a white square." "Red flag with a yellow cross and blue flag with a white diagonal cross." "Triangular flag, blue and yellow, and square blue flag with white square centre." These are at once compared with reproductions of themselves in the code-book, and after much difference of opinion it appears that we are to "prepare to get under way at"—"8.30 A.M."—"for New Haven." That settles the order of the day, and, after a plunge, we are all below dressing and ready for breakfast at eight.

The charm of this whole hour, indeed, the charm of the whole cruise, lies in the fact that you yourself have something to do with the things that are going on around you. You are not merely a guest who is being entertained. You are either watching for signals, or taking a plunge with the others, or keeping the time of *Vivian* and other boats as they round buoys, or pulling with twenty others on the main-sheet, or, at the very least, holding the windward rail down.

This morning, for example, after the sunrise gun has been fired, and the little balls of bunting have been broken out at the mast-head, I am stationed beside the Colonel, as he stands at the wheel, to act as time-keeper for the day. I am presented with a large pad, a pencil, and a stop-watch, as *Vivian's* head-sails fill away, and she falls a little off the southeast breeze with started sheets towards the Commodore's craft at the entrance to the harbor. A start is a commonplace enough affair, and yet it is always exciting, and begins the day with a nice bit of boat-handling, a sharp tiff for windward position, and is a soul-stirring sight generally. Just ahead of us now, a mile away, lies the Commodore's boat, a couple of hundred yards away from her a cat-boat at anchor, with a huge New York Yacht Club flag flying from her single stick, forms the other end of the starting-line. We are running down free with the big sloops and schooners, and every one is trying for a good position.

Boom!

Half past eight, and the preparatory gun sends out a white puff from the flag-ship. We have ten minutes to wait, and a third gun is the signal for the sloops. They are given five minutes in which to cross the line, and then another gun is at the same time our signal, and the limit within which the sloops' time can be taken. Five minutes later still the fourth gun closes the first episode of the day.

Boom!

The sloops are all clustered just above the line, and the moment this gun fires you can see sheets trimmed down and a concerted movement in the midst of the medley of sail as they all suddenly heel one way, and drive close up to the flag-ship at the windward end of the starting-line.

Meantime the schooners are drawing near the line, and are wandering around close together, waiting for the time to pass. Four minutes more before our first gun. Three minutes. Two minutes and a half—and a quick command from the Colonel trims all sheets down. *Vivian* jumps to the wind, and makes a bee-line for the flag-ship. The question then is, have we timed ourselves correctly to reach the line just before the gun fires, or shall we cross a few seconds ahead?

One minute and a half. A minute. Half a minute. Now we are under full headway, rushing down on the line. Not forty feet to leeward is the *Alda*. Just on our weather quarter, so near that you could easily toss a line to her, is *Elda*. A little ahead to the leeward *Belma* is trying to cut up to windward across our bows, and near her is still another schooner too close to the line it seems, while half a dozen more are within easy throwing distance, and yet they are all schooners at least eighty feet in length, with light sails drawing exquisitely and with every lee rail awash. It all happens in an instant, and not one boat is more than three hundred feet from the line.

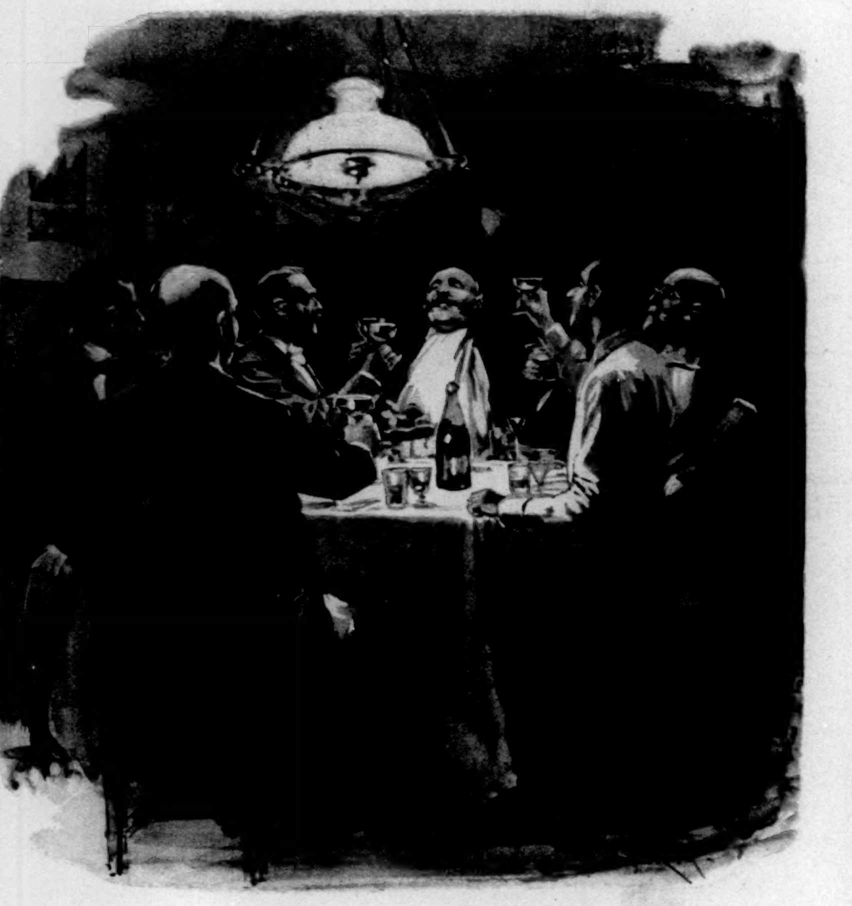
I am counting seconds, and just as I open my mouth to call time a burst of smoke and a heavy report break from the flag-ship, and orders sound from aboard every schooner. It is a close shave for us all. Looking over the weather rail, as we heel down to the breeze, you can see the veins stand out on the hands of the man at *Elda's* wheel, and her topsails seem to be actually over our deck. As we just clear the flag-ship we can hear the time-keepers aboard her calling out the time of each yacht.

"*Belma*," calls one voice. "Eight forty-five ten," answers another. "*Alda*." "Forty-five twelve." "*Vivian*." "Forty-five seventeen." "*Elda*." "Forty-five twenty-three."

And then we are out of hearing, shooting far up to windward in a luffing match, and the day's race to New Haven is on.

The cruise continues from day to day with infinite variety. The run from New Haven next morning is to New London, and there, at sunset, lying off the Pequot House, joined by more boats, and watching the gay sights, we sit on deck receiving visits, and acknowledging the courtly salutes of the other members of the squadron.

Thursday carries us to Newport, and here the same round of visits continues; but there is something new now, something that brings up conversation of the morrow. For to-morrow is Friday, and Friday is the great and only Goelet Cup race—a cup which we propose to carry away by this time come twenty-four hours.



"FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW."

III.

Soon after sunrise over Newport on Friday *Vivian's* crew of twenty were to a man on deck and hard at work. This was to be a race in racing trim, and all the requirements of cruising racing could be dispensed with. Every skylight, every spare spar, every boat, and all the appointments of the yacht which have weight, or may by any possible chance furnish resistance to the wind, were taken out. In place of skylights ordinary board hatches were screwed down, and within two hours *Vivian* looked as if she had been stripped for winter quarters.

If you want the equivalent of two or three days' exercise in a few moments you only need to lay down on the club-topsail halyards with the men. Foot after foot, yard after yard, rod after rod of the line comes down from the heavens, and it seems as if the topsail must be near that place long before the final swaying. But at last the huge leg-o'-mutton sail is well up, taut and stiff. There is no question that *Vivian's* sails are well up as we lean away from the light air and begin to reach out by the Dumplings. Actually hundreds of yachts of all kinds, from cat-boats to big ocean steam-yachts, are swinging slowly around the dingy old light-ship.

The question is, will the Commodore send us over the Block Island course or to the eastward? He is evidently waiting to see if the southeasterly breeze is going to hold, and for an hour we stand off and on, waiting for his command, until suddenly the little spots of color go up into the flag-ship's rigging, and by the glasses we can see that it is to be the Block Island course. An instant change comes over the fleet. Sight-seers gradually draw to leeward, and we are sent away just as we have been each morning during the cruise. But now all the details of the game are brought into play. Every man has his particular place on the deck, besides his particular duties during the race. The Colonel sends us over the line second boat, and, as the breeze has freshened, our lee rail has to go far under the water to let us clear the judge's boat. Then comes the long beat to windward out to Block Island. Not a word nor a suggestion goes up from the mouth of any one. Nobody would be so foolish as to address the commander at such a time. We are thrown at once into the strictest discipline. Our host is no longer host. He is commander and sailing-master, and what few words he speaks come out quickly and sharply.

Again he tries hugging the shore, and this time shows his good judgment, for as we draw towards the buoy off Block Island it is plain that we are going to round it a good bit ahead of the others. The sloop is around first, and in an incredibly short time her sheets are well out, her spinnaker set, and she is tearing along before the wind on the second side of the irregular triangle that makes the course. One or two other sloops follow, and then it comes our turn—first of the schooners—to see how quickly and how well we can get the big sails out.

The decks as we draw up to the buoy are covered with sails and ropes in apparent utter confusion, but each man knows his work. Forward one group has the balloon jib halyards; another group amidships has the spinnaker halyards; still another is ready with the outhaul. As we near the line up and out these sails go in stops, and then every sailor is standing silently at some point along the deck, with his eyes fixed on the Colonel, ready to haul sheets home. Just under the lee bow the big red buoy comes nearer and nearer, and the good boat heels down to the wind, running along with her whole leeward rail foaming through the sea. In an instant we are on the buoy, and, as the Colonel winds the wheel over and *Vivian's* head goes off, he cries,

"Heave away!"

Then come a few seconds of work that remind you of a 100-yard dash. There is no time to breathe. Booms go out to port, light sail sheets come in, and the next instant stops are broken, and *Vivian* is again covered with her enormous white duck suit. There is a moment of suspense. Will everything hold, or is something going to give way under the strain? And then a sigh of relief goes over us as she settles down for a fifteen-mile run before the wind.

It took us exactly thirty-five seconds to do the thing, and a grim smile comes over the Colonel's face as he wipes the perspiration off his brow and looks back to see *Belma* just getting ready to let her head fall off as she rounds the buoy. Four good minutes to our credit on the first buoy. Five and a half better than *Elda*, who is third. And now, too, we can stand up and stretch our legs out on the counter. The hard beat to windward is over, and there is nothing to do but watch the steering and keep the sails firm. Woe unto us, however! *Belma* is a famous runner, and she begins to work up on us foot by foot. Four minutes is a good lead, but the run is a long one, and it is a miserable hour for us as she comes full astern like a many-winged bird, turns to leeward, and crawls inch by inch ahead. The Colonel sets his teeth together and says nothing, not even when I have to report one minute and thirty seconds to the good of *Belma* as we round the second mark, and haul close to the wind on a straight reach home. Can we gain that ninety seconds back in the run?

Minute by minute we move up on her. We can outpoint her, too; and by the time we are half over this last leg of the course *Belma* is even with us and a hundred yards to leeward. Then another smile goes over the Colonel's face as he gives her a little better full, and she jumps forward on a fine spurt. Perhaps you have had lumps in your throat before. Perhaps you have often had a joyous feeling of victory, but you cannot have had a bigger lump or stronger temptation to shout than you do as you stand on the deck of a ninety-footer and hear the Commodore's big gun announce that you have crossed the finish first, with open water enough between you and the second boat to avoid all danger of losing on time allowance.

We picked up exactly four minutes and a half on *Belma* in that run home, and by-and-by in Newport Harbor, as the Colonel leans back in his chair at the head of the dinner table, and receives a shouting health from us all, there is certainly much on earth to be thankful for.

IV.

Saturday we run up Vineyard Sound to Vineyard Haven. Sunday is a quiet day lying in Vineyard Haven Harbor, and Monday carries us to New Bedford. From here, on the next morning, we start on the last run back to Newport, where this famous event of the American yachting season ends, and we get our Commodore's signal of "Permission to leave the fleet." But that night—that Tuesday night—we have our farewell dinner in the cabin, with the Goelet Cup in the middle of the table, in spirit if not in the silver. And joyous as the meal may be there is a little touch of sadness about it. We have been together ten days, pulled and worked side by side, and this is the last of it. One man goes back to Boston, another must be in New York to-morrow morning, and the healths that are drunk show in the bottoms of the cups office desks and business that have been completely forgotten for more than a week. With the last health, coupled with hearty cheers for the Colonel, who is, of course, "a jolly good fellow," we turn in, some to start early, some late, but all to spread out over the country probably never to get together just so again.

WHAT THE TRAMP EATS AND WEARS.

BY JOSIAH FLYNT—ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.

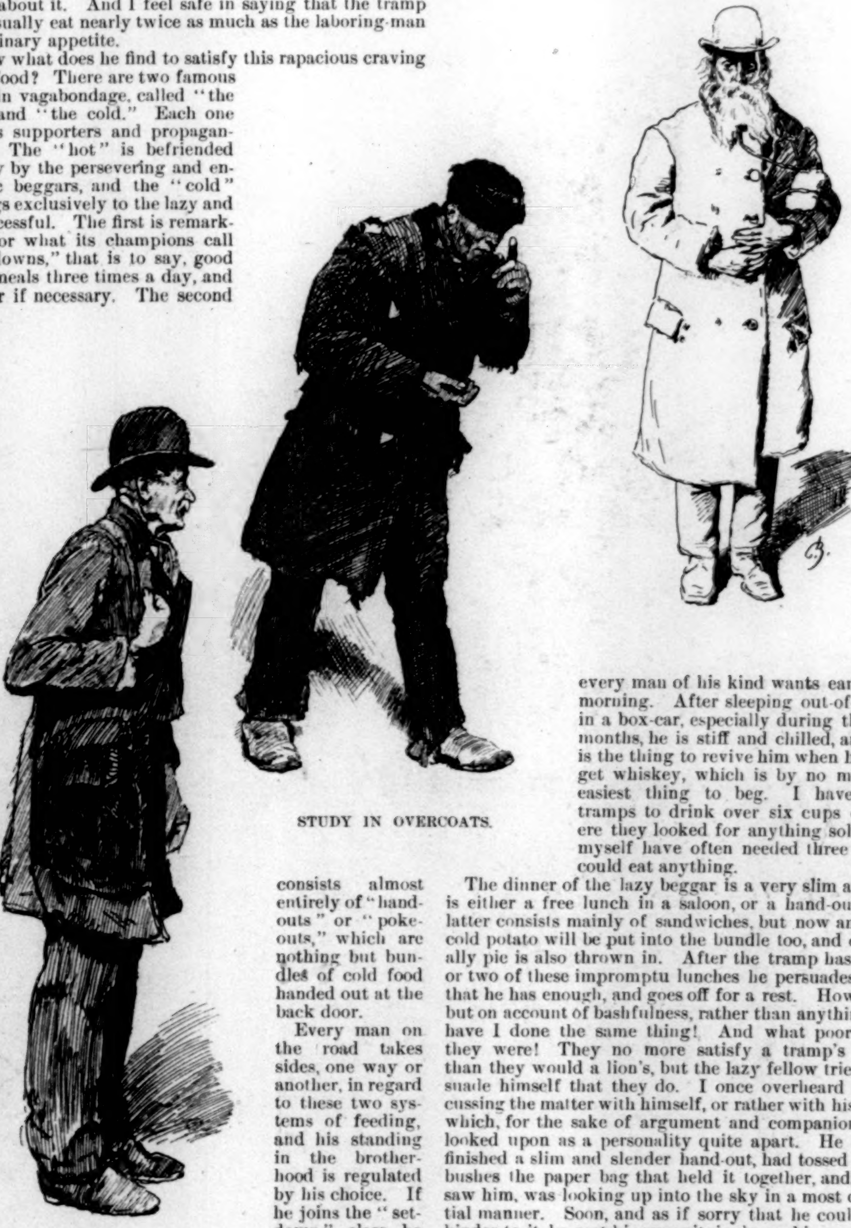
I.

THE tramp is the hungriest fellow in the world. No matter who he is, chausseegrabentapezirer, moocher, or hobo—his appetite is invariably a most ravenous one. How he comes by it is an open question even in his own mind. Sometimes he accounts for it on the ground that he is continually changing climate, and then again attributes it to his incessant loafing. A tramp once said to me:

"Cigarette, it ain't work that makes blokes hungry; it's bummin'."

I think there is some truth in this. I know from personal experience that no work has ever made me so hungry as simple idling; and while on the road, I also had a larger capacity for food than I usually have. Even riding in a freight-train for a morning used to make me hungry enough to eat two dinners, and yet there was almost no work about it. And I feel safe in saying that the tramp can usually eat nearly twice as much as the laboring-man of ordinary appetite.

Now what does he find to satisfy this rapacious craving after food? There are two famous diets in vagabondage, called "the hot" and "the cold." Each one has its supporters and propagandists. The "hot" is befriended mainly by the persevering and energetic beggars, and the "cold" belongs exclusively to the lazy and unsuccessful. The first is remarkable for what its champions call "set-downs," that is to say, good solid meals three times a day, and oftener if necessary. The second consists almost entirely of "hand-outs" or "poke-outs," which are nothing but bundles of cold food handed out at the back door.



STUDY IN OVERCOATS.

Every man on the road takes sides, one way or another, in regard to these two systems of feeding, and his standing in the brotherhood is regulated by his choice. If he joins the "set-down" class he is considered at least a true hobo, and although he may have enemies, they will not dare to speak ill of his begging powers. If, on the other hand, he allies himself with the lazy crowd, he not only loses all prestige among the genuine hoboes, but is continually in danger of tumbling down into the very lowest grades of tramp life. There is no middle course for him to follow.

II.

Success in vagabondage depends largely on distinct and indispensable traits of character—diligence, patience, "nerve," and politeness. If a tramp lacks either one of these qualities he is handicapped, and will have a hard time in getting on. He needs diligence in order to keep his winnings up to a certain standard; he needs patience to help through districts where charity is below par; he needs nerve to give him reputation among his cronies, and he needs politeness to win his way with strangers, and draw their sympathy and help. If he possesses these characteristics, no matter what his nationality may be, he will succeed. If not, he would better work than tramp, for he will find it much easier and twice as profitable. The "poke-out" beggar is deficient in every one of these qualities, and his own winnings illustrate the fact.

I first made his acquaintance about seven years ago. I had just begun my life on the road, and as I knew but very little about tramping and nothing about begging, it was only natural that I should fall in with him, for he is the first person one meets in vagabondage. The successful beggars do not show themselves immediately, and the new-comer must first give some valid evidence of his right to live among them ere they take him in—a custom, by-the-way, which shows that tramping is much like other professions. But the "poke-out" tramp is not so particular; he chums with any one he can, successful or not, and as I had to associate with somebody, I began with him. After a while I graduated out of their ranks, and was initiated into the "set-down" class, but it was only after a hard and severe training, which I would not go through again, not even for the sake of sociology.

III.

As a rule, the "poke-out" beggar has but one meal a day, and it is usually breakfast. This is the main meal with all vagabonds, and even the lazy tramp makes frantic efforts to find it. Its quantity as well as its quality depends largely on the kind of house he visits. His usual breakfast, if he is fairly lucky, consists of coffee, a little meat, some potatoes, and "punk an' plaster," as he calls bread and butter. Coffee, more than anything else, is what every man of his kind wants early in the morning. After sleeping out-of-doors or in a box-car, especially during the colder months, he is stiff and chilled, and coffee is the thing to revive him when he cannot get whiskey, which is by no means the easiest thing to beg. I have known tramps to drink over six cups of coffee ere they looked for anything solid, and I myself have often needed three before I could eat anything.

The dinner of the lazy beggar is a very slim affair. It is either a free lunch in a saloon, or a hand-out. This latter consists mainly of sandwiches, but now and then a cold potato will be put into the bundle too, and occasionally pie is also thrown in. After the tramp has had one or two of these impromptu lunches he persuades himself that he has enough, and goes off for a rest. How often—but on account of bashfulness, rather than anything else—have I done the same thing! And what poor dinners they were! They no more satisfy a tramp's appetite than they would a lion's, but the lazy fellow tries to persuade himself that they do. I once overheard him discussing the matter with himself, or rather with his hunger, which, for the sake of argument and companionship, he looked upon as a personality quite apart. He had just finished a slim and slender hand-out, had tossed into the bushes the paper bag that held it together, and, when I saw him, was looking up into the sky in a most confidential manner. Soon, and as if sorry that he could not be kinder to it, he cast his eyes pityingly on his paunch, and said, in a sad tone:

"Poor devil! I feel fer ye—bet cher life I do. But yer'll have to stand it, I guess. It's the only way I know fer ye to git along." Then he patted it gently, and repeated again his sympathetic "poor devil." But not once did he scold himself for his laziness. No, indeed! He never does.

His supper is very similar to his dinner, except that he tries now and then to wash it down with a cup of tea or coffee. Later in the evening he also indulges in another hand-out, unless he is on a freight-train or far from the abodes of men. Such is the diet of the lazy tramp, and, strange to relate, despite its unwholesomeness and its meagreness, he is a comparatively healthy fellow, as are almost all tramps. Sickness is hardly known among them, and it is one of their superstitions that they cannot die a natural death. The majority of them are killed on the railways, or die in hospitals from accidents. Their endurance, especially that of the "poke-out" tramps, is something really remarkable. I have known them to live on "wind puddin'," as they call air, for over forty-eight hours without becoming excessively excited, and there are cases on record where they have gone for four and five days without anything to eat or drink, and have lived to tell the tale. A man with whom I once travelled in Pennsylvania did this very thing. He was locked into a box-car which was shunted off on an unused side-track a long distance from any house or place where his cries could be heard. He was in the car for nearly one hundred and twenty hours, and although almost dead when found, he picked up in a few days, and before long was on the road again. I saw him at the Columbian World's Fair, and he was just as healthy and happy in his own way as ever.

In some of the sparsely settled districts in Texas tramps have suffered most awful deaths by such accidents, but so long as he keeps his freedom I do not believe that any beggar, even the lazy one, starves to death in our country. I know very well that people do not realize this, and that they feed tramps regularly, laboring under the delusion that it is only humane to do so. But although the tramp hates honest labor, he hates starvation still more, and if he finds it impossible to find anything to eat, he will either go to jail or work. He loves this world altogether too much voluntarily to explore another of which he knows so little.

IV.

The clothes of the "poke-out" beggar are not much, if any, better than his food. In summer he seldom has more than a shirt, a pair of trousers, a coat, some old shoes, and a battered hat. Even in winter he wears little more, especially if he goes South. I have never seen him with under-clothes or socks, and an overcoat is something he almost never gets hold of, unless he steals one, which is by no means common.

While I lived with him I wore these same "togs." I shall never forget my first tramp suit of clothes. The coat was patched in a dozen places, and was nearly three sizes too large for me; the vest was torn in the back, and had but two buttons; the trousers were out at the knees, and had to be turned up in London fashion at the bottom to keep me from tripping; the hat was an old Derby with the crown dented in numerous places; and the only decent thing I had was a flannel shirt. I purchased this rig of an old Jew, and thought that it would be just the thing for the road, and so it was, but only for the "poke-out" tramp's road. The hoboes laughed at me and called me "hoodoo," and I never got in with them in any such garb. Nevertheless, I wore it for nearly two months, and so long as I associated with lazy beggars only, it was all right. Many of them were never dressed so well, and not a few envied me my old coat.

It is by no means uncommon to see a "poke-out" vagabond wearing some sort of garment which belongs to a woman's wardrobe. He is so indifferent that he will wear anything that will shield his nakedness, and I have known him to be so lazy that he did not even do that. One old fellow I remember particularly. He had lost his shirt somehow, and for almost a week went about with only a coat between his body and the world at large. Some of his pals, although they were of his own class, told him that he ought to find another one, and the more he delayed it the more they labored with him. One night they were all gathered together at a "hang-out"[*] not far from Lima, Ohio, and the old fellow was told that unless he found a shirt that night they would take away his coat also. He begged and begged, but they were determined, and as he did not show any intention of doing as he was bidden, they relieved him of his jacket. And all that night and the following day he was actually so lazy and stubborn that he would not yield, and would probably be there still, in some form or other, had his pals not relented and returned him the coat. As I said, he went for nearly a week without finding a shirt, and not once did he show the least shame or embarrassment. Just at present I understand that he is in limbo, wearing the famous "zebra"—the penitentiary dress. It is not popular among tramps, and they seldom wear it, but I feel that that old rascal, in spite of the disgrace and inconvenience that his confinement brings upon him, is tickled indeed that he is not bound to find his own clothes.

Such are the "poke-out" tramps in every country where I have studied them, and such they will always be. They are constitutionally incapacitated for any successful career in vagabondage, and the wonder is that they live at all. Properly speaking they have no connection with the real brotherhood, and I should not have referred to them here, except that the public mistakes them for the genuine hoboes. They are not hoboes, and nothing angers the latter so much as to be classed with them. The hobo is an exceedingly proud fellow in his way, and if you want to

A TYPE.

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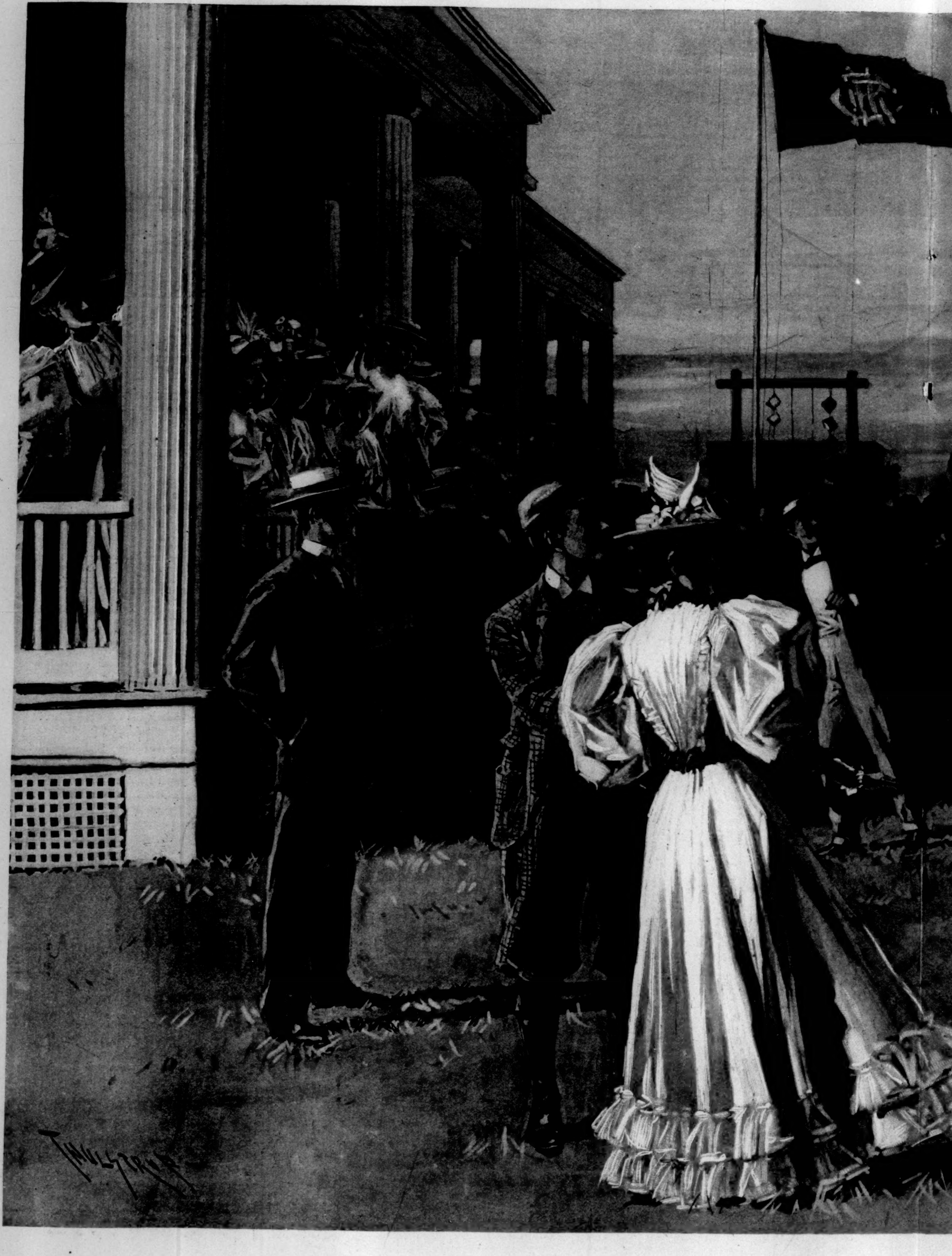
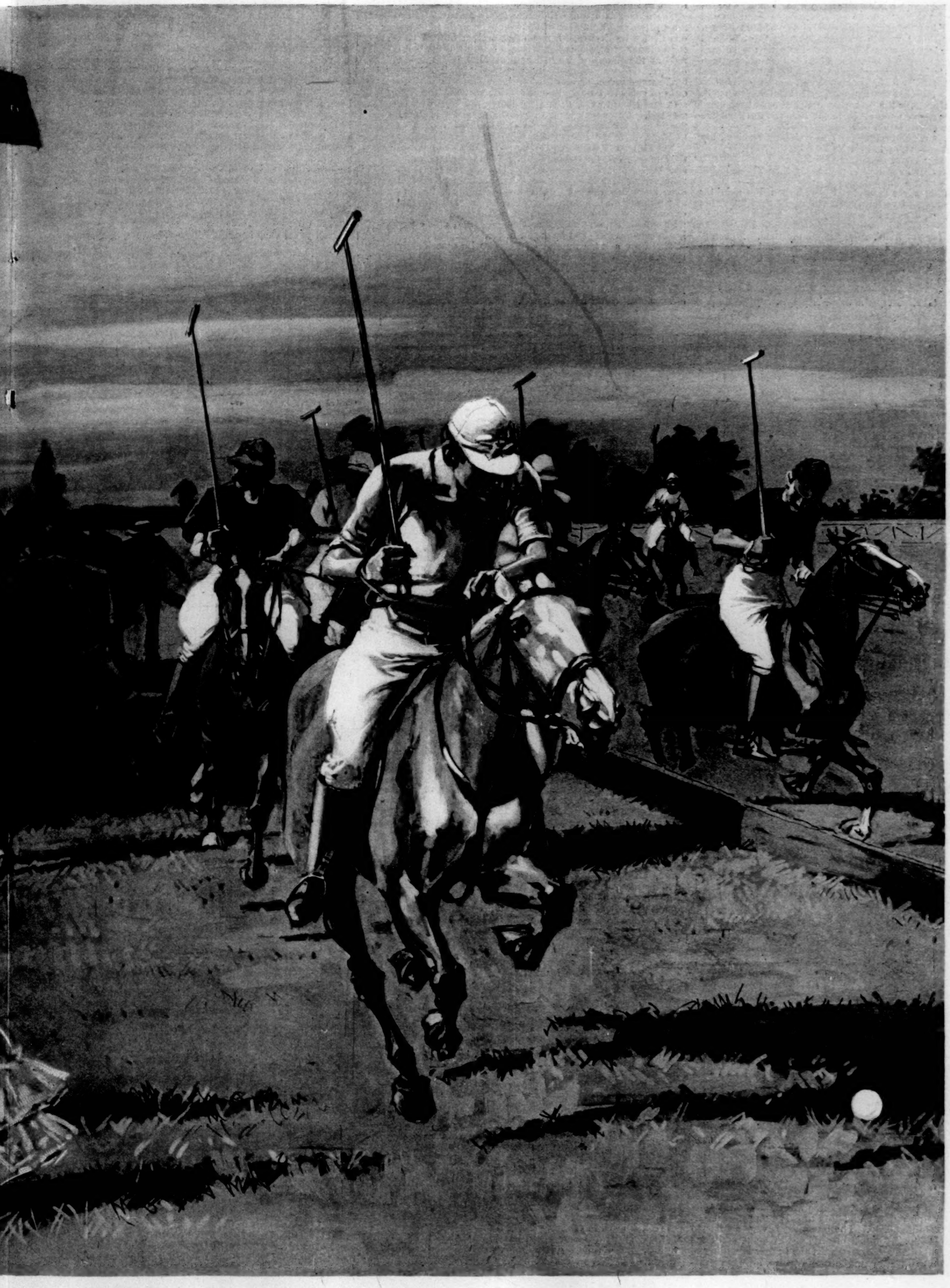
[*] The "hang-out" is the tramp's hotel. Sometimes it is the railway sand-house and watering-tank, sometimes a little camp in the bushes alongside the track, and at other times a lodging-house, a saloon, or any nook or corner where he can make himself at home.



POLO AT THE ROCKAWAY HUNTING CLUB—"OUT OF BOUN



BOUNDS."—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See "Amateur Sport."]

offend him, call him a "gay cat" or a "poke-outer." He will never forgive you.

V.

Almost the first advice given me after I had managed to creep into the "set-down" class came from an old vagabond known among his cronies as Portland Fraxy. He knew that I was but a short time on the road, and that in many respects I had not met with the success which was necessary to entitle me to respect among men of his class, but, nevertheless, he was willing to give me a few "pointers," which, by-the-way, all hoboes are glad to do if they feel that the recipient will turn them to profit.

I met Fraxy for the first time in Chicago, and while we were lounging on the grass in the Lake Front Park, the following conversation took place:

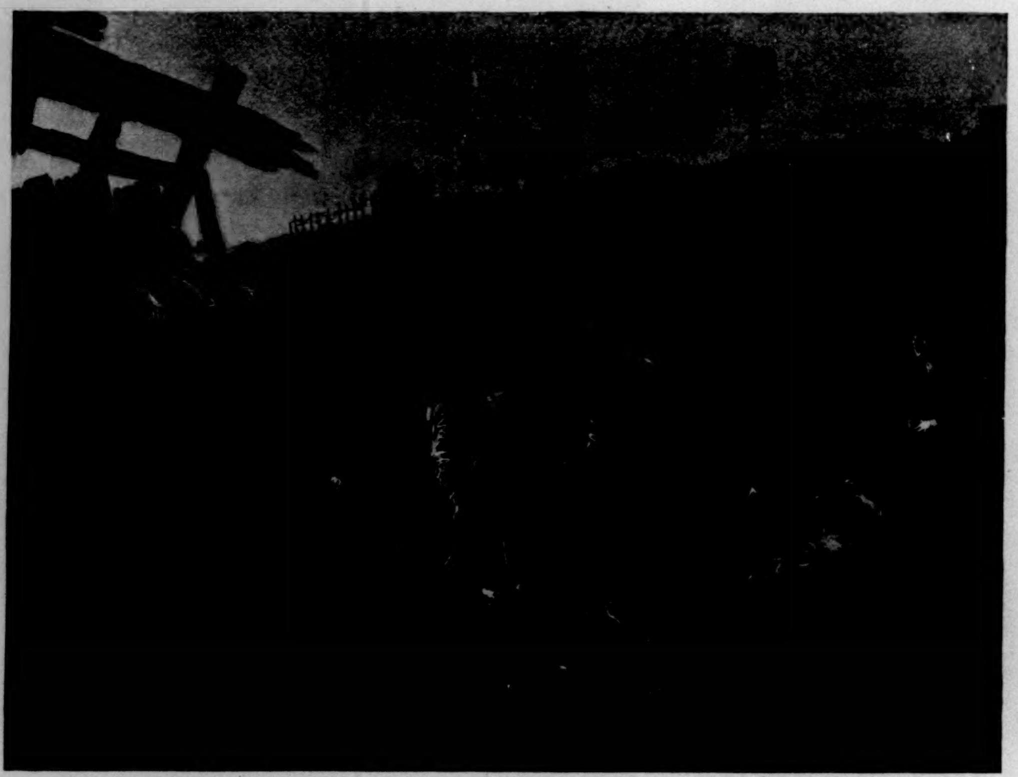
"Cigarette," he began—for I had already received my tramp name—"how long 'v' ye been on the road?"

I replied, "About two months."

"Waal, how long d' ye 'spect to stay there?"

"Oh, 's long 's I'm happy."

"Ez long ez yer happy, eh? Well, then, I'm goin' ter chew the rag wid ye for a little while. Now, 'f yer wants ter be happy, here's a little advice fer ye. In the first place, make up yer mind jes wha' cher goin' ter be. Ef ye 'spect to work fer yer livin', why, get off the road. Moochin' spiles workin' jes ez workin' spiles moochin'. The two don't go together nohow. So 'f yer goin' ter be a bum fer life, never think o' work. Jes give yerself entirely to yer own speshul callin', fer 'f ye don't yer'll regret it. 'N the second place, ye wan' ter decide what kind o' beggar yer goin' ter make. Ef yer a thief, 'n' playin' beggar simply as a guy, why then ye knows yer bizness better'n I do. But ef ye ain't, 'n' are jes browsin' round, lookin' fer a berth, then I wants to tell yer somethin'. There's diff'rent kinds o' beggars; some gets there, 'n' some doesn't. Them what gets there I call arteests, 'n' them what doesn't I call ban'crupts. Now wha' chew goin' ter be, arteest or ban'crupt?"



SUPPER

I replied that I was still undecided, since I had not yet learned whether I could make a success on the road or not, but added that my inclination would be toward the "arteest" class.

"That's right," he began afresh. "Be an arteest or nothin'. Beggin's a great bizness 'f yer cut out fer it, 'cause ye've got everything to win 'n' nothin' ter lose. Not many callin's has them good points—see? Now 'f yer goin' ter be an arteest ye wants ter make up yer mind to one thing, 'n' that is—hard work. Some people thinks that moochin' 's easy, but lemme tell ye 'tain't. Batterin', when it's done well, is the difficultest job under the moon—take my tip fer that. Ye got ter work hard all yer life to make boodle, 'n' 'f ye wan' ter save it, ye mus'n't booze. Drinkin' 's what spiles bums. If they c'u'd leave it alone they'd be somethin'. Now, Cig, that's good sound talk, 'n' you'd better hang on to it."

I did, and it helped me as much as anything else in getting in with the real hoboes. And for six of the eight months during which I sojourned in vagabondage I lived with them entirely, and feel abundantly qualified to describe their diet and dress.

VI.

In the first place, they eat three good warm meals every day — breakfast from seven to eight o'clock, dinner at twelve, and supper at six. These are the "set-downs"* in tramp life, and it is the duty of every "professional" to find them regularly. The breakfast is very similar to the "poke-out" tramp's breakfast, the main additions being oatmeal and "pancakes," if the beggar is willing to look for them. They can be found with a little perseverance. There are also some hoboes who want pie for breakfast, and they have it almost constantly. I once travelled with a Maine tramp who simply would not consider his breakfast complete until he had had his usual piece of apple pie. And he actually had the "nerve" to go to houses and ask for that alone. During our companionship, which lasted over a week, he failed but once to get it, and then it was because he had to make a train.

The dinner is a more elaborate affair, and the tramp must often visit a number of houses ere he finds the various dishes he desires. I remember well a hunt I had for a dinner in St. Louis. A Western tramp was my comrade at the time, and we had both decided upon our bill of fare. He wanted meat and potatoes, "punk 'n' plaster," some kind of dessert (pudding preferred), and three cups of coffee. I wanted the same things minus the dessert, and I had to visit fifteen houses ere my appetite was satisfied. But, as my companion said, the point is that I finally got my dinner. He too was successful, even to the kind of pudding he wished.

Not all tramps are so particular as my Western pal, but they must have the "substanshuls" (meat and potatoes and bread-and-butter) anyhow. Unless they get them they are mad, and scold everything and everybody. I once knew a vagabond to call down all sorts of plagues and miseries on a certain house because he could not get enough potatoes there. He prayed that it might be cursed with small-pox, all the fevers that he knew, and every loathsome disease—and he meant it, too.

There are a large number of hoboes who occasionally take their dinners in the form of what they call "the made-to-order-scaff." It is something they have invented themselves, and for many reasons is their happiest meal. It takes place at the hang-out, and a more appropriate environment could not be found. When the scaff is on the programme the vagabonds gather together and decide who shall beg the meat, the potatoes, the onions, the corn, the bread-and-butter, the tea and coffee, and the desserts, if they are procurable. Then each one starts out on his separate errand, and if all goes well they return before long and hand their winnings over to the cook. This official, meanwhile, has collected the firewood and the old tin cans for frying and boiling the food. While the meal is cooking the tramps sit around the fire on the stolen railway ties and compare jokes and experiences. Pretty soon dinner is announced, and they begin. They have no forks and often no knives, but that does not matter. "Fingers were made before forks."

Sometimes they sharpen little sticks and use them, but fingers are more popular. The table manners of the Eskimos compare favorably with those of these picnicking hoboes, and I have often seen a tramp eat meat in a way that would bring a dusky blush to the cheek of the primeval Alaskan. It is remarkable, however, that no matter how carelessly they may eat their food, they seldom have dyspepsia. I have known only a few cases, and even then the sufferers were easily cured.

Supper is seldom much of a meal among hoboes, and mainly because it has to be looked for, during a large part of the year, just about dark, the time when the hobo is either preparing his night's hang-out, or making arrangements for his night's journey, and the hunt for supper often occasions unpleasant delays. But he nevertheless looks for it if he can possibly spare the time. He considers it his bounden duty to eat regularly, and feels ashamed if he neglects to do it. I have seen him scold himself for an hour just because he failed to get a meal at the proper time, although he really did not care for it. Bohemian that he is, he still respects times and seasons, which is the more surprising since in other matters he is as reckless as a fool. In quarrels, for example, he regards neither sense nor custom, and has his own private point of view every time. But at the very moment that he is planning some senseless and useless fight, he will look for a meal as conscientiously as the laborer works for one, although he may not need it.

For supper he usually has just about what other people have—potatoes (usually fried) and beefsteak, tea or coffee, bread-and-butter, and some kind of sauce. For three months of my time on the road I had almost exactly this bill of fare, and became so accustomed to it that I was considerably surprised if I found anything else. I mention these various items to show how closely the tramp's "hot diet" resembles that of most people. A great mistake is made in thinking that these men as a class have to eat things both uncommon and peculiar. Some of them do, but all of the "set-downers" eat just about what the respectable and worthy portion of the community eats.

In Pennsylvania, "the fattenin'-up State,"* or P. A., as the hobo calls it, apple-butter is his chief delicacy. I have seen him put it on his bread, meat, and potatoes, and one beggar that I knew wanted it "raw." I happened to be with this man one afternoon in the town of Bethlehem, and while we were sitting on a little bridge crossing the canal on the outskirts of the town, a Pennsylvania Dutchman hove in sight. My pal, being a beggar who liked to improve every opportunity, immediately said to me, in a professional sort of voice,

"Keep quiet, Cig, 'n' I'll tackle 'im."

The man soon passed us, and the beggar followed. He caught up with him in a moment, and as I had also followed, I managed to overhear a part of the conversation. It was something like this:

"I say, boss, can cher gimme the price of a meal?"

"Nein, dat kann ich nit."

"Well, can ye take me home 'n' feed me?"

"Nein."

"Well, say; can cher gimme a cigar?"

"Nein"—in madness.

"Well, say," and he put his arm affectionately on the Dutchman's shoulder, "let's go 'n' have a drink. Eh?"

"Nein."

"Well, you ole hoosier, you, can ye gimme some apple-butter?"

Even the Dutchman laughed, but he said "No."

"Well, go home, then, you ole fool, you," said the tramp.

Besides the three meals which every hobo has regularly, there are also two or three lunches a day, which are included in the "hot diet," although they practically belong to the cold one. The first is taken in the morning about ten o'clock, and is begged at breakfast-time, the second about three or four o'clock, and the third late in the evening. Not all hoboes eat these between-meal "snacks," but the majority beg them at any rate, and if they do not need them, they either throw them away or give them to some deserving person, often enough a seeker of work. For although the tramp hates labor, he does not hate the true laborer, and if he can ever help him along, he does it willingly. He knows only too well that it is mainly the laboring-man off whom he lives, and that it is well to do him a good turn whenever possible. Then, too, the hobo is a generous fellow, no matter what else he is, and is always willing to share his winnings with any one he really likes. With the "gay cat" and the "poke-outer" he will have nothing to do, but with the criminal, his own pals, and the working-man he is always on good terms, unless they repel his overtures.

As a good many tramps spend considerable time in jails, it seems appropriate to tell what they eat there too. Their life in limbo is very often voluntary, for although the majority of clever hoboes go South in winter, there are others who prefer a jail in the North, and so whatever hardship they encounter is mainly of their own choosing. And since some of them do choose jail fare, it is evident that those particular beggars find it less disagreeable than winter life "outside," either North or South. The usual food in these places is bread, molasses, and coffee in the morning, some sort of thick soup or meat and potatoes with bread for dinner, and bread and molasses and tea for supper. There is generally plenty, also, and although I have often heard the tramps grumble, it was mainly because they had nothing else to do. Confinement in county prisons, although it has its diversions, tends to make a man captious and irritable, and the tramp is no exception to this. Occasionally he gets into a jail where only two meals a day are given, and he must then exercise his fortitude. He never intends to be in such a place, but mistakes will happen even in vagabondage, and it is most interesting to see how the tramp gets out of them or endures them. He usually grits his teeth and "promises never to do it again"; and considering his self-indulgent nature, I think he stands suffering remarkably well.

VII.

What the "hot-diet" tramp wears is another matter, but a not vastly different one. His ambition, although he does not always achieve it, is to have new "togs" quite as regularly as the man who buys them with hard cash. He also tries to keep up with the fashions and seasons as closely as possible.

But all this must naturally be regulated by the charity of the community in which he happens to be. If he is near some college, and knows how to beg of the students, he can usually find just what and about all he needs, but if he is in a country district where clothes are worn down to the thread, he is in bad case. As a rule, however, he dresses nearly as well as the day-laborer, and sometimes far better. There are tramps of this type in New York and Chicago whose dress is almost identical with that of the majority of the men one meets in the streets, and to distinguish them from the crowd requires an eye able to read their faces rather than their coats. Such men never allow their clothes to wear beyond a certain point before begging a fresh supply. And if they are careful, and do not ride in freight-trains very much, a suit will last them several months, for they understand remarkably well how to take care of it. Every tramp of this order and grade carries a brush inside his coat pocket, and uses it on the slightest provocation. On the road I also acquired this habit of brushing my clothes as often as they showed the slightest soil. It is a trick of the trade, and saves not only the clothes, but the self-respect of the brotherhood.

Dark clothes are the most popular, because they keep clean, or at least appear so, for the longest time. I once wore a suit of this kind for nearly three months, and although I used it rather roughly, it was so good at the end of that time that I traded it to a tramp for a coat and vest almost new. The way to make sure of having a serviceable suit is to gather together several coats, vests, and trousers, and pick out a complement from the best and most suitable of the lot. I shall always remember an experience of this sort that I had in a Western town. I worked all day with my companion simply looking for clothes, and at night we had six coats, eight vests, four pairs of trousers, and two overcoats. Out of this collection we chose two fairly good suits, but the rest were so poor that we had to throw them away. One of the coats was a clergyman's, and when he gave it to me he said, "It may not fit you very well, but you can use it as an overcoat, perhaps." It was too large for me even as that, and I gave it to the tramp with me, and he wore it for nearly a month. His pals laughed at him considerably, and called him "Parson Jim"; but he made more money with that same coat than he could possibly have made in any other. He posed as a theological student among the farmers, and was most royally entertained. But his luck gave out after a while, for he went to prison in his clerical habit not long after.

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* In Germany and England the tramps usually eat their "set-downs" in cheap restaurants or at lodging-houses. They beg money to pay for them, rather than look for them at private houses.

* It is most interesting to talk with Eastern tramps in the West who are homeward bound. If they have been in the West long, and look rather "seedy," and you ask them where they are going to in the East, they invariably reply: "Gosh! P. A., o' course. We wants ter fatten up, we does." And there is no better place for this than Pennsylvania.

Hoboes take the most delight in what is called the sack-coat. "Tailed jackets" are inconvenient, especially when one is riding the trucks of a train; the skirts are liable to catch on something and thus delay matters. It is the inside of a tramp's coat, however, that is most interesting. It is usually furnished with numerous pockets, one of them being called the "poke-out" pocket, in which he stows away his lunches. The others are used for brushes, tattooing tools, combs, white rags, string, and other little notions that may "come handy" to a traveller. But in none of the pockets will their ever be found one bit of paper which might identify the bearer or implicate him in any suspicious work. He is too foxy to ever allow his real name to crop out in any telltale evidence on his person, except, perhaps, he may have been foolish enough to have it tattooed somewhere on his body.

He is proudest of his hat and shoes, and with reason. The former is usually a black soft felt, but stiff hats are also *à la mode,* and I have even seen a "stove-pipe" on the road. It was unique, however, and the owner did a good business with it; his clients used to feed him simply on account of his oddity. The foot-gear consists generally of laced shoes, but boots have to be accepted now and then. Socks, although considerably in vogue, often yield to white linen rags wound smoothly around the feet. This is particularly true among the tramps of Germany. They have long walks, and contend that socks chafe the feet too much. There is a deal of truth in this, and while I lived with them I followed their custom to the extent of wearing the rags next to my feet and then drawing the socks over them. And I was very little troubled with sore feet while I did so; the one week I tried to go without them I suffered considerably.

Overcoats are worn by those hoboes who go South in winter, but the tramps who spend the cold months in jail do not need them, and if they beg any they usually sell them. Under-clothes in some form or other are worn all the time, not so much for warmth as cleanliness. Even the cleaner haboes cannot keep entirely free of vermin, and they wear under-clothes to protect their outer garments, changing them as often as they can, and throwing away or burning the discarded pieces.

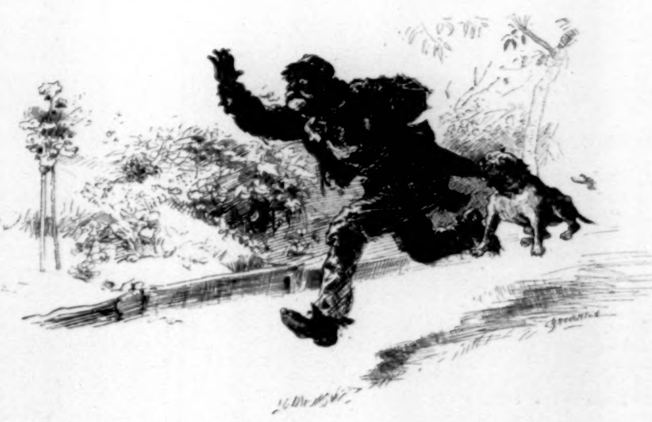
The tramp's shirt is always a flannel one, if he can find it, and very often he wears two, either for the sake of trade or to keep warm. Other garments are doubled also, and one finds men wearing two coats, two vests, and two pairs of trousers. It is by no means uncommon to see a tramp who wears linen and cotton shirts, with two or three layers on his back. As one becomes soiled he throws it away, and so on until the three are discarded. There is one more indispensable article of a tramp's toilette, and it is called "the shaver." This is a razor encased in a little sack, generally leather, which he hangs around his neck with a string. It is used for fighting and shaving, and is very good as a "guy" for getting into jail. I saw how this was done one day in western Pennsylvania. The time was late October, and three tramps who came into town decided that the local jail would be a good place in which to spend the winter. They wanted a ninety-day sentence, and knew they could not get it for simple drunkenness; so they decided to pretend drunk and make a row in order to be sentenced on two charges. They began their brawl in the main street, and flourished their razors in good style. The officers arrested them after a little fight made for appearance' sake, and the judge gave them four months, thirty days more than they expected. Their razors were confiscated too, but they got others the minute they were released. It sometimes happens, however, that the "shavers" are not discovered, because the men are not properly searched, and, owing to this lack of careful inspection by officials, rows in jails have often ended seriously.

VIII.

A friend at my elbow, to whom vagabondage is a terra incognita, remarks just at this juncture, "You ought to tell just how the tramp gets his three 'set-down' meals a day."

I can scarcely believe that in our own country there is any ignorance at this point. The house in the settled districts of the United States that has not been visited by the tramp in search of one of his three meals seems to me does not exist. But if any one needs enlightenment on this point, the following incident will interest him. One June day about six years ago I strolled into the hang-out in a little town in Michigan just as the bells were ringing for dinner. I was a perfect stranger in the place, and as I wanted to find my dinner as quickly as possible, in order to make a "freight" that was due about two o'clock, I asked one of the tramps at the camp whether he knew of any "mark"* in the town.

"Well, there ain't many," he replied. "Town's too small and the people's too relijus. The best is that big college building up there on the hill, but they ain't always willin' even there. They go by fits. If they's in the mood, they feeds ye, 'n' 'f they ain't, they sicks the dog on ye; an' it takes a pretty foxy bloke to know what moods they is in. I struck 'em oncet when I felt dead sure they was in the k'rect one, 'n', by the hokey-pokey, I had to look fer a new coat 'for' I left the town—blasted mean dog they got there. But there's another place not far from the old red buildin' where any bloke kin scaff if he gives the right song 'n' dance. It's No. 13 Grove Street. Great ole squaw lives there—feeds everybody she can—sort o' bughouse [crazy] on the subject, ye know—likes to talk 'bout her Jimmy 'n' all that sort o' stuff. Dead cinch, she is. Better hit her up 'n' take a feed. Yer bound to get a good ole set-down."


"IT TAKES A PRETTY FOXY BLOKE TO KNOW WHAT MOODS THEY IS IN."

I followed his advice, and was soon at the back door of No. 13 Grove Street. In answer to my knock there appeared a motherly-looking old lady who wanted to know what she could do for me. What a tale I told her! And how kind she looked as I related my sad experiences as a young fellow trying to work his way to a distant town, where he hoped to find friends who would help him into college.

"Come right in; we are just at table." Then she called to her daughter Dorothy, a pretty lass, and told her to lay a plate for a stranger. She and the girl were the only persons in the house, and I was somewhat surprised that they took me in so willingly. Women, as a rule, are afraid of tramps, and prefer to feed them on the back steps. But I had evidently found an exception, for when I had washed my hands and face and combed my hair on the little porch, I was invited into the cozy dining-room, and offered a place beside the hostess. How odd it seemed! I almost felt at home, and had to be on my guard to keep up my rôle as a vagabond. For it was certainly a temptation to relieve myself then and there, and have an old-time chat on respectable lines. I had been so long on the road that I was really in need of some such comfort, but I dared not take advantage of it. So I answered their questions about my home, my parents, and my plans as professionally as I could, and spun my story, not entirely of fiction, however, and they smiled and looked solemn as the occasion fitted. They seemed to take a great interest in my doings, and always had a word of sympathy or advice for predicaments which I fabricated. And how they fed me! My plate was not once empty, and I ate and ate simply out of respect to their politeness. They must have thought that tramps are terrible eaters, and I hope and pray that not many will call upon them to the extent that I did, for it would certainly bankrupt them, no matter how rich they may be. When I was finished they both asked me to rest awhile ere taking up my journey again; so I sat in their interesting little sitting-room, and listened to their talk, and answered their questions. Pretty soon, and evidently thinking that it would help me to know about him, the mother began to tell me of a lad of hers whom she had not seen in some time, and as she fancied that he might possibly have travelled my way, she asked if I had not met him. I wanted to tell her that I had, if only to give her a mite of comfort, but I knew that it would be more cruel than the truth, and I said "I was afraid we had not met." Then she spoke of certain features of face and fortune that we had in common, and asked the girl if she did not think so.

"Yes," Dorothy replied, "he reminds me of Sam—just about the same build too."

I could not stand this, and told them I must be on my way. As I was leaving, the old lady asked me if I would be offended if she gave me a little book. "Of course not," I replied; and she fetched me a conventional little tract about a prodigal son. I thanked her, and then she advised me to visit a certain lawyer in the town, who, she said, was in need of a helper, and that I might there find a chance for an education without looking further. And as if to prove my right to such employment, while standing on the porch by her side, she laid her motherly hand on my head, and said to Dorothy, with a gratified smile on her kindly face,

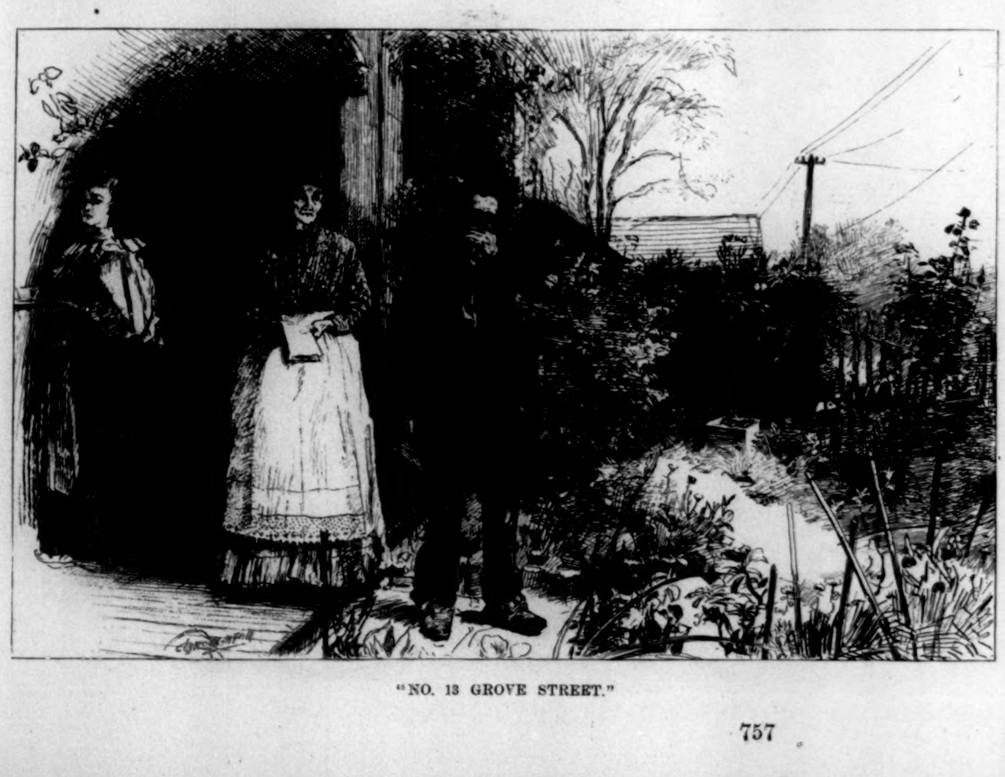
"The lad has an intelligent head—something like Sam's. Don't you think so?"

Both looked sadly and almost solemnly in earnest, and I stole away, hoping never to see them again until I should know where their Sam might be found. I have looked for him on many a road since that June day, always with the determination that no other "wandering boy" should hear from me of this kind mother's hospitality, and I hope they have him now, for they certainly deserve surcease of sorrow on his account.

There are people like this in every town, and it is the tramp's talent to find them, and "when found make a note on." He thus becomes a paripatetic directory for the tramp world, which lives on the working world at a cost which it is worth while to consider.

IX.

That tramps are expensive no one will deny, but how much so it is difficult to decide. I have tried to show that a large number of them eat and wear things which certainly cost somebody considerable money, but a careful census of the vagabond population alone can estimate the amount. No one can tell exactly what this tramp population numbers, but I think it safe to say that there are not less than fifty thousand in this country, including "the blanket stiffs," "the gay cats," and "the city vags," and should not be at all surprised, if a census could be taken in the current year, if a much larger concession would be made. Every man of this number, as a rule, eats something twice a day, and the majority eat three good meals. They all wear some sort of clothing, and the most of them rather respectable clothing. They all drink liquor, probably each one a glass of whiskey a day. They all get into jail once in a while, and eat and drink there just as much at the expense of the community as elsewhere. They all chew and smoke tobacco, and all of them spend some of their time in lodging-houses. How much all this represents in money I cannot tell, but I believe that the expenses I have enumerated, together with the costs of conviction for vagrancy, drunkenness, and crime, will easily mount up into the millions. And all that the country can show for this expenditure is an idle, homeless, and useless class of individuals called tramps. Is it not time to put the money invested in vagabonds to a better use?


"NO. 13 GROVE STREET."

IGNORANCE AND KNOWLEDGE.

ONCE, standing on a lovely dewy shore,
I thought 'twas stillness made its beauty sweet;
But looking close, I found it still no more:
The very dragon-flies skimmed at my feet.

The willows kissing the dark water's edge
Tossed at their sunny tops to green and gold;
The stealthy river glided to the ledge,
Where rocky dams its timid haste controlled.

'Twas passing glad, the silly smiling stream,
To murmur answers to the whispering trees.
Turtles and flowers were glad to sun and dream,
To live, to grow, to drink the sweet wood breeze.

So all knew nothing of the longing strife
That goads the heart and spurs the quivering life.

E. C. S. M.

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* A house where something is always given to beggars.

OFF FOR CHINA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

Not least interesting among the many tourist sights of San Francisco is the sailing of one of the great Pacific mail-steamships for China and Japan. Three o'clock P.M. is the announced time of departure, but for hours previous the huge shed covering the Brannan Street wharf is thronged with a motley crowd of humanity, such as can be gathered in no other city. Most prominent, because most numerous, are blue-bloused Chinese laborers, hundreds of whom, having accumulated a competence—three hundred dollars or thereabout—in laundries, fruit orchards, or hop-fields, in placer-mining, the building of railroads, or the digging of weary miles of irrigating ditches, return to their native land by every steamer. Accompanied by other hundreds of envious friends, who wish that they too were ready to exchange the purgatory of Western barbarism for lives of opulent leisure in the Flowery Kingdom, these eager travellers swarm down from Chinatown in express wagons or trucks, until the lower end of the shed in the vicinity of the steamer's forward gangway is thronged with them.

Their queer-looking luggage, packed in tea-chests, matting, oiled cloth, or shiny black bags, to which are generally attached one or more pieces of tin kitchen-ware that John carries home as souvenirs of America, is taken from them as they near the gangway, and slid down a long plank into a yawning opening in the steamer's side. As the bewildered owners anxiously watch it disappear, or perhaps make futile attempts to follow it, they are roughly shoved aside, and soon find themselves irresistibly drawn into a slow-moving, perspiring stream of their fellows, who are being gradually absorbed into a series of railed enclosures resembling sheep-pens. Each of these contains a table, at which are seated men of judicial aspect provided with blank books, and papers printed in both English and Chinese characters. A number of these men are Chinese representatives of the Six Companies, who are on hand to see that the would-be traveller does not leave the country without having paid the various assessments to which he is liable, as well as all debts owed to his fellow-countrymen.

Long ere this, John has accumulated, from one source or another, a great number of papers, protective and restrictive, perhaps certificates of baptism, marriage, vaccination, and moral character, or their Chinese equivalents, and at the various tables one or more of these are demanded for inspection. In each case the bewildered victim of red-tape hands over the lot, as much as to say: "There they are, gentlemen; take your choice. It's all one to me." The pens are connected by little alleys, barely wide enough for one person to pass through at a time, and after being hustled through a succession of these, John finally reaches the most august tribunal of all, two white men in blue uniforms and brass buttons, who, with their official interpreter, represent the United States government. To these potentates the suspected individual—for all Chinamen are suspected of something—makes a humble surrender of his entire stock of documents, all of which save one are scornfully ignored. By this one he is either proved to have a legal existence or not to be himself at all; for, besides an attached photograph, which rarely looks the least like him, it contains a minute description of his personal appearance. This is slowly read, item by item, while its corresponding features are identified by observation.

At length even this ordeal is safely passed, and with a great sigh of relief, thrusting his crumpled bundle of papers into an innermost recess of his garments as he goes, John starts gayly up the gang-plank, only to be halted when half-way to the vessel by another official, who demands his ticket. Of course this has been entirely forgotten amid the many anxieties of the past hour, and must now be searched for with feverish trepidation. Out come all the certificates and other documents, but this new and most inflexible representative of dreaded authority will have none of them. A ticket only will satisfy him.

When at length the ticket is discovered and produced, and John finds himself really on board the ship, he stands gasping for a moment, in a daze, much like an animal long caged and unexpectedly set free. Then some one shoves him out of the way, and, awakening to his surroundings, he dives below, where on the main-deck he finds a great pile of luggage surrounded by a swarm of his fellow blue-blouses, each of whom is striving to locate his personal belongings, and recover them from the apparently inextricable tangle. By-and-by even this is accomplished, and, solaced by a cigarette, John sits him down to watch with a saturnine grin the trials of those who are still undergoing what he has just undergone.

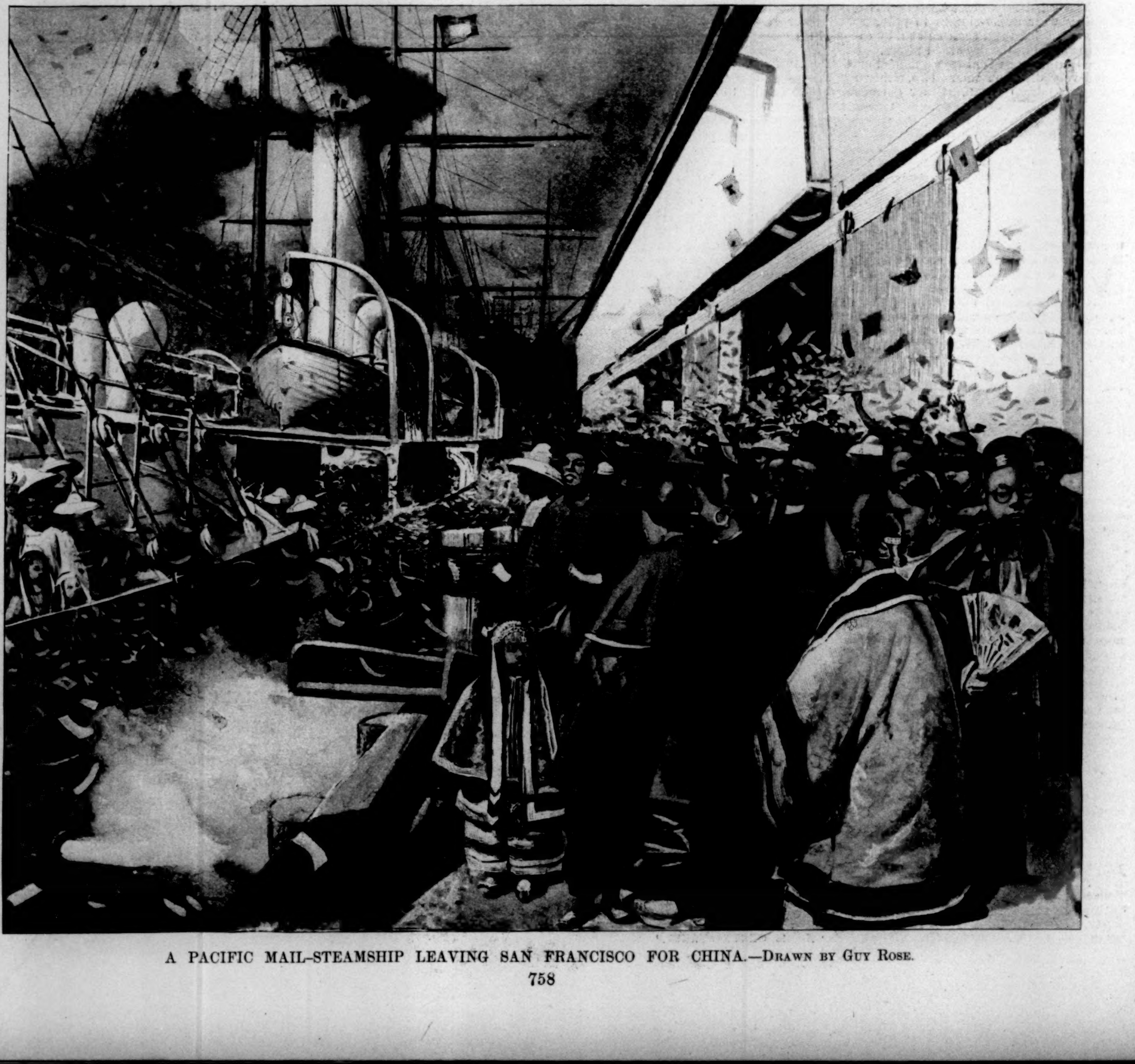
On the wharf, threading back and forth through the throng, he sees shrewd-faced Chinamen, who keep up an incessant jingling of handfuls of silver dollars. These are brokers, who will exchange thirty-two Mexican dollars for thirty of the United States variety. As both pass at their par value in China, John reflects that by neglecting this opportunity he is throwing away at least twenty dollars, and hastens to regain the wharf in order to correct this oversight. He is frustrated in this endeavor by stony-hearted officials, who sternly order him back; and thus he discovers that while it was difficult to board the ship, it is infinitely more so to leave her. So he is compelled to hire one of the Chinese steerage stewards, whose badge of office, in the shape of a white apron, enables him to pass freely to and fro, to effect the desired exchange for him, and by this transaction his business relations with the Western world are terminated.

At the upper end of the wharf, in the vicinity of the main gangway, is a far different scene, though one of equal interest and bustling activity. Carriages are continually dashing up and departing. From them alight slim Japanese ladies and gentlemen dressed in the very latest Parisian styles, swarthy East Indians suggestive of princes travelling *incog.*, globe-trotters in deer-stalker helmets, new and nervous attachés of legation venturing in untried paths, veteran diplomats returning to familiar posts of duty, naval officers ordered to the Asiatic station, missionaries who hold farewell prayer-meetings, tuneful and tearful, in secluded corners of the snowy promenade-deck, and, deftly slipping through the restless crowds, dozens of trig little Japanese stewards bearing boxes, bags, rugs, chairs, and other paraphernalia of ocean travel.

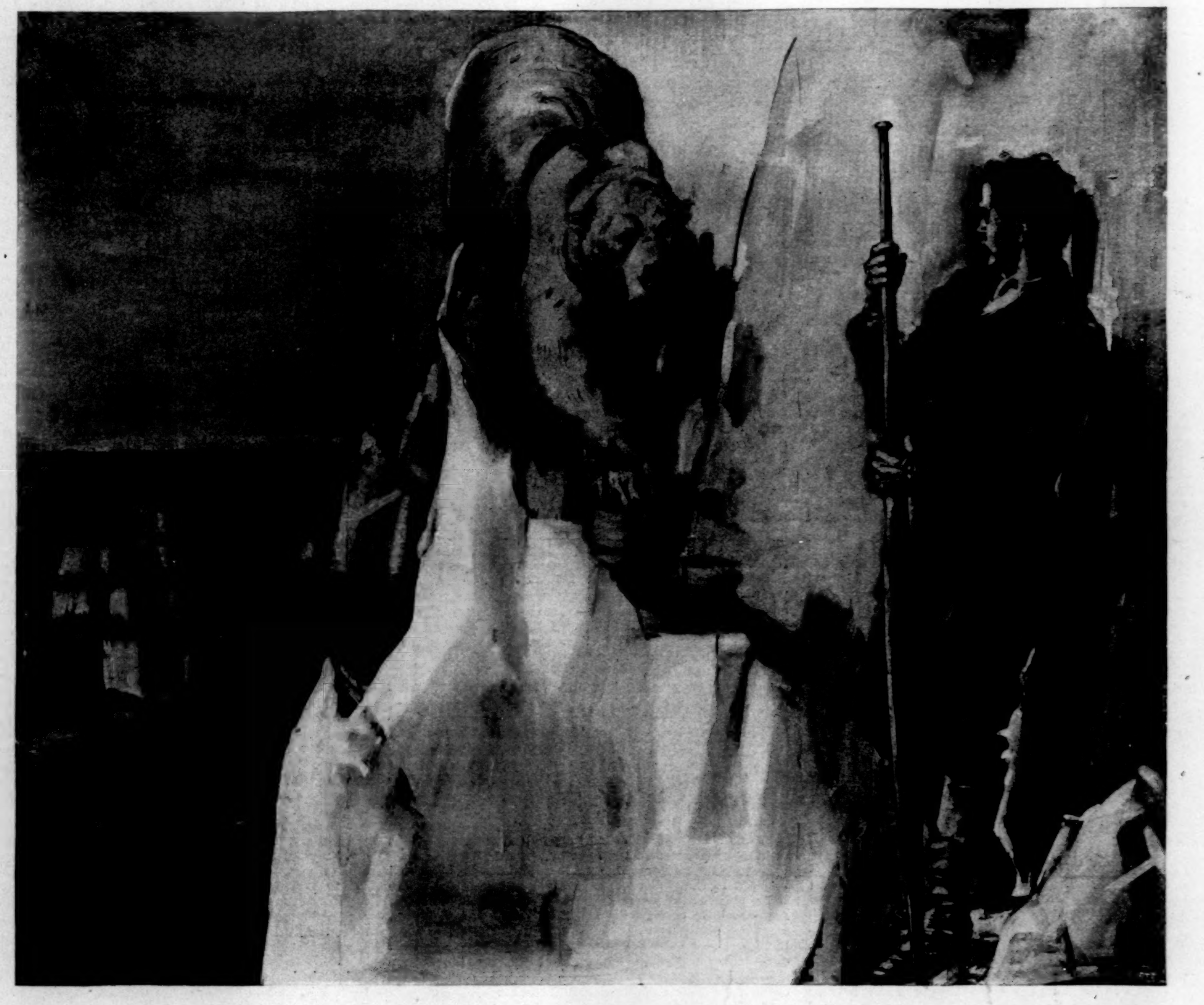
A sudden burst of color, a rustle of soft silks, and a murmur of polite voices proclaim the presence of some home-returning Chinese mandarin of high rank, with his gorgeous retinue, and the equally brilliant company of resident officials or wealthy merchants who have come to pay their farewell respects. Each of these, when addressed by another, bows with a fixed smile, shakes his own hands most cordially, and replies in courtly phrase. Besides the richness and beauty of the silken vestments worn by these high-caste Chinese, their round visorless caps are decorated with a bewildering variety of buttons, and their skirts are adorned with exquisitely embroidered devices that are meaningless to the uninitiated spectator, until he is told that they are indicative of rank and social position.

Thus a mandarin of the first rank is entitled to wear a coral-red button, while the second rank is indicated by one of crimson, the third by light blue, the fourth by dark blue, the fifth by a button of crystal, the sixth by one of opaque white, the seventh by one of yellow, etc. So in the embroidery on official robes a bird design is typical of a civil position, and an animal design of a military officer. In these designs the civil list observes the following order of precedence: First in rank comes a Manchoorian crane; second, a golden pheasant; third, a peacock; fourth, a wild-goose; fifth, a silver pheasant; sixth, a young egret; seventh, a quail; eighth, a long-tailed jay; and ninth, an oriole. The animals signifying military rank in the order named are a unicorn, lion, leopard, tiger, black bear, wild-cat, mottled bear, seal, and rhinoceros. If these can be remembered, the interest in watching a group of Chinese officials is greatly enhanced.

At length the hour for sailing arrives, and with it comes the concluding ceremony of departure. All the Chinese on the wharf, always including a number of bareheaded women with hair drawn smoothly down over temples and ears, gather at its outer end. From here, as the bow of the great ship moves slowly past, they toss into the air quantities of thin brown paper, cut into three-inch squares, and each bearing a central square of gold or silver tinsel. From the ship's deck the departing Chinese voyagers also scatter to the winds bushels of these money symbols, until the vessel is wellnigh hidden from view by the fluttering, glinting cloud. These offerings are propitiatory of the Storm Devil, and it is hoped that they will purchase from him a safe passage over his ocean domain



A PACIFIC MAIL-STEAMSHIP LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO FOR CHINA.—Drawn by Guy Rose.



A NARROW MARGIN.

BY OWEN HALL.

WE had left Sydney just a month before. It was my first experience of the sea, and it had been an enjoyable one. We had seen the silent cone of Mount Egmont rise from the ocean, and slowly fade in the distance behind. We had slid along beneath the giant shadows of Mount Cook, towering in white splendor over the western shore of New Zealand. And then we had bid the land farewell, and day after day had plunged deeper and deeper still into the almost unknown waters of the antarctic seas.

Our voyage had been over summer waters. A succession of gentle breezes had carried us southward through smooth seas and sunlit waves that even to my landsman's eyes did not appear rough. There was little to mark our progress. The flocks of screaming sea-birds that had at first accompanied us had, indeed, gradually disappeared; the shoals of porpoises that had plunged along in our wake had ceased to gambol round us; a solitary albatross, sailing in solemn silence overhead—a gigantic snowflake against the blue of the sky—had for some days been the only sign of life in sky or sea. And at last we had reached the ice.

The captain had expected it the night before, and so when I went on deck on that December morning I was not surprised that the first thing I saw was the huge outline of an iceberg. I had expected it, but I confess the beauty and the wonder of its actual appearance were more than my imagination had anticipated. We had run amongst a group of bergs, and I could count nearly a dozen as I stood on deck. The one that lay nearest to us absorbed, however, all my attention. We lay almost becalmed, within less than half a mile of a mass of gleaming ice that towered far above us in cliffs of gray-blue crystal. Above the cliffs were peaks and pinnacles of ice, and in hollows and shelving places patches of dazzling snow that blazed and glittered in the morning sun.

Our captain was a practical man. He had come for whales, and the chief interest which the great iceberg seemed to have for him was that it might serve as a good lookout-point. The cliffs before us were formidable, rising as they did something like three hundred feet at the highest point, but the captain had made out one spot where a landing could be made, and from which it looked as if the island could be ascended with no very great trouble. By nine o'clock we had started. My supposed delicacy, to which I owed the trip, didn't affect the vigor of my limbs, and I easily arranged to make one of the party. It was thus that I found myself standing, with no little sense of triumph and a very keen sense of enjoyment, the first of our party, on the top of an iceberg in the great southern ocean.

I had had the best of the climbing. A long straight staff of hard wood, shaped like a very thin paddle, about three inches broad at its widest part, and formed at one end into a flat smooth handle, while at the other it ended in a pretty sharp point, had been of immense assistance to me in climbing, so much so, indeed, that I had easily distanced the rest of the party. As I now stood on the summit I could see them far below me cautiously feeling their way over the rough ascent up which I had come—thanks to my Maori staff—with little trouble. It was a glorious scene. On all sides of me the top of the berg stretched away in heaped-up masses and peaks of ice that flashed and sparkled in the bright sun. At my feet, but far below, lay the blue water, barely wrinkled by the breeze, and sparkling like one vast mirror. Our brig lay becalmed, her sails hanging loosely from the yards, her dark shadow sleeping on the water at her side.

I shaded my eyes and looked round the horizon. Dotted here and there over the vast expanse of calm water there lay the other bergs. One huge albatross hung poised high in air overhead—a spot of snowy whiteness against the deep dense blue of the sky. I looked about me. Surely amongst these peaks and pinnacles of ice there must be something worth exploring. Even in the sunlight standing was cold work. I would see. The top of the berg had once, it was evident, been covered deep with snow. Most of it had melted and run off in streams, some of which had cut deep channels in the ice as they ran off, but here and there in hollows and chasms great masses of it still lingered. I made my way without much difficulty, thanks to my trusty staff, but it engrossed all my attention, and I hardly knew how far I had left my companions behind. At last I stopped to consider where I was. Just before me there rose a ridge of ice, and above and beyond it I could see what looked like the roof and spires of some great building. I determined to see what lay behind the ridge and then to return to my companions. The ridge was steep, but the distance was short, and in a few minutes I stood on the top and looked down on the strangest sight I had yet seen. I stood on one side of a valley. The snow with which it had, no doubt, been filled had melted, and the water had escaped through a gorge that opened at one end and showed a glimpse of the sparkling blue sea beyond the ice-wall. Here and there frozen remains of the snow-drift still clung to hollows in the ice, but the bottom of the little valley was almost clear, only ridges and blocks of solid ice remaining. On the side where I stood the slope, though steep, was not precipitous, but on the other the ice-cliff rose abrupt and perpendicular. It looked like the front of some vast cathedral. There were arched doorways and traceried windows, buttresses and gables, columns and capitals, all carved and hollowed in the crystal ice. The sunlight blazed and sparkled on the sharp-cut edges and corners, and seemed even to be reflected back from the windows in tints of rainbow coloring. Opening upon the valley was what looked like a great arched doorway, and the deep shadow that was thrown within gave it the appearance of the entrance to some vast building. I stood for a minute or two staring at the scene, half expecting to see it melt away before my eyes, but the longer I looked the more real and solid it appeared.

A longing to see it more closely took possession of me. I grasped my staff and made my way down the slope. In four or five minutes I had reached the bottom, and looked upwards with a kind of awe at the splendid mass of building that was of nature's own architecture. Its crystal walls looked still loftier from below, its sparkling pillars and delicate arches more wonderful and beautiful. The great arched doorway was before me, but it stood at least twenty feet above the bottom of the valley. I looked up. The height was not great, and I felt a strong desire to explore the cave which I felt sure must be behind. I crossed the valley and reached the foot of the ice-wall. Looking round for some way to get up, I found a ledge of ice that ran along the face of the wall and formed a path fully two feet wide, sloping upwards to the entrance. I followed it. Treading cautiously as I went, and looking to each footstep, I noticed that the path was curiously marked with long sharp marks that ran up and down. I looked closely at them, but I could make nothing of them, so I climbed on and up till I stood in the great arched doorway. It was as I had thought. There was a cave. How large it might be I could not tell, and the dazzling glare of the sun upon the ice made the shadows within seem almost black. I peered into the darkness. I tried to distinguish something in the shadows, but I failed. A stream of clear water ran tinkling over the crystal rock and trickled into the valley with a soft musical fall. The mystery of the shadowy cavern held me. I was conscious of a sensation of something like fear, yet I could not turn back without seeing more. I followed the course of the stream. The cave turned suddenly to the right, and grew darker still. My eyes, however, were getting used to it, and even in that grizzly half-light I began to make out something of the outline of the place. I paused to look at it. The cave was deep, but the same gray light seemed to penetrate to the end.

As I looked something far back in the darkness seemed to move. I started. I rubbed my eyes. Yes, something did move. It was something gray, something undistinguishable in the dim gray light. But it stirred, it moved —it was coming!

For the moment I was paralyzed. It was alive; but what living thing could there be in that place? I trembled in every limb as I stood staring stupidly at the moving darkness before me. At first I could hear nothing but the loud beating of my heart. Then as I listened there came a soft thud, thud, and then a scratching sound came to me out of the darkness. I thought of the scratches on the ice path, and then in a moment I knew. It was a bear. I turned and ran for the entrance.

In a moment I had reached it, yet as I paused an instant to make sure of the downward path I seemed to hear close behind me again the soft thud of that heavy foot. I didn't look back. I sprang hastily down the ledge of ice, and again I was in the valley. I glanced round to see where I should go. Before me was the slope by which I had come down, but instinctively I felt that I had no time to climb it again. I cast one terror-struck glance round me, and my eye caught the bright flash of the sun on the blue water at the end of the gorge. I had no time to think or to reason—barely time enough to turn and run. As I turned there came a low savage growl; it was not very loud, but somehow it made my blood run cold, and again I heard on the ice behind me the soft heavy thud, thud, of the footstep that followed. I didn't dare to look behind; I only drew one long breath and sprang forward. Fortunately the way was smooth. I was a good runner, and now, if ever, I did my best. The little gorge through which the melted snow had reached the sea could not have been more than six hundred yards off, and I dashed into and through it without a thought of what there might be beyond. Fear, overpowering fear, had gripped me and held me fast; and still as I ran the same strange sickening thud, thud, followed with its soft maddening persistency.

The ice sloped rapidly through the gorge, and I leaped rather than ran from ledge to ledge over which the stream of melting snow had smoothed the path. Before me, and still far below, there was only the flashing of the blue ocean; on either side the ice walls rose steep and inaccessible; behind came the soft heavy footfall of the pursuer. Suddenly the gorge ended. The ice walls broke off in sharp crystal precipices. The stream fell in a succession of leaps over the ice cliff into the ocean below. By a supreme effort I checked the speed of my headlong descent before it was too late. Involuntarily, and for the first time, I looked behind me. I had been right. Above me, and perhaps thirty yards behind, was the bear. Huge, white, shaggy, with great red jaws that gaped partly open and showed white fangs that glittered in the sun—red eyes that glared hungrily down upon me—he came on with a heavy unwieldy trot. He carried his head low, and his neck stretched out in front. I could hear each footfall on the ice as it fell, soft, yet ponderous. It was only for one moment that I looked. In one thing I had been mistaken—the sight of my danger didn't paralyze me as I had expected, but for the moment seemed to render every sense more acute. To go back was impossible. To stop was death. To go on was to be dashed to pieces on the ice cliffs over which the stream was falling with a musical roar.

At that moment my eye caught sight of what looked like a path, turning from the end of the gorge and running along the precipitous face of the cliff. In moments of extremity thought is rapid, or perhaps it is impulse that takes its place. Without a moment's hesitation I followed the path. It was only a ledge of ice jutting out from the cliff, and even at first not more than four feet wide, and it sloped down and at the same time a little outward, so that I had to use my staff to keep myself from falling over the precipice. At any other time I should have been overcome by giddiness, for at my very feet, though far below, I could see the ocean glittering in the sunlight. Was I followed still? I dared not look behind, and I could no longer distinguish the sound of his tread, yet, somehow, I felt sure he was following. I pressed on. Every thought was concentrated on the effort to escape; every sense strained to the utmost to avoid the dangers of my unknown path. Suddenly the path seemed to end. There was a sharp angle, and before me there rose only the gray-blue wall of sparkling ice.

My ledge had grown narrower; it could hardly have been more than three feet wide now. Did it continue beyond the corner? For a moment I hesitated. Again there came the deep, low, savage growl I had heard before. The bear was behind me still, and not far off. I drove the sharp point of my staff into a crack at the outer edge of my path and put my foot round the corner. The ledge was there still! As I stood I seemed to overhang the sea. The flash and sparkle of the distant water came up to me as I cautiously drew myself round and stood on the path beyond. It had undergone no change, but ran downwards along the face of the cliff as before. I followed it, but with greater caution, for it was slippery. I lifted my eyes from the path for an instant, and there, in front of me, there, with loose hanging sails and delicate tracery of masts and rigging, lay our brig almost at my feet. I could see the deck, the boats, even the sailors as they looked over the side, or leant lazily against the bulwarks. I shouted. For the first time since I had recognized my position of danger the idea of help dawned upon my mind. It was hardly a shout, but rather a scream, for I could hear it echoed back, wild and shrill, from the ice cliff overhead. They heard! I could see a sailor lift his head and look upwards, then another, and another. They moved; I could fancy they spoke to each other. My cry was echoed by another growl, fiercer, nearer, more savage than before. There was no time to pause. I hurried on.

The path was growing narrower. From three feet it had shrunk to two. But for my staff I could hardly have kept my feet. A few yards more and it grew narrower yet. Was it going to stop? I didn't dare to pause; I didn't venture to lift my eyes from the narrow and now slippery ledge. I listened eagerly as I went, but still I hurried on. Narrower and narrower. Step by step it seemed to push me closer to the overhanging cliff. I looked on to see how soon it would fail me altogether. My heart gave one wild leap and then stood still—the end had come. A few yards before me the path seemed to shrink almost to nothing, and beyond was what looked like a little platform upon which the precipice closed in on every side.

At least I would reach that platform. By an effort I piloted myself along the narrow track; by an effort I reached the platform at last. I had been right! There was no escape from this. I had suddenly grown strangely calm. I looked behind for my pursuer. He was following still. Slowly, cautiously, step by step, he was feeling his way along that narrow track. His huge paws felt the path carefully before him; his bloodshot eyes glared out at me from their tangle of white hair; his huge teeth and crimson jaws threatened me as he came slowly on.

A shout came up from below. I looked down once more. It came from the sailors. They had lowered a boat and were pulling towards the iceberg. The shout came up again. I caught a single word. The word was "help!" I looked back again at the bear. He was nearer now. Step by step he crept on still. Slowly, cautiously, relentlessly as fate. He wasn't twenty yards off now. His huge body was pressed against the ice wall. His huge claws were extended and gripped the ledge like bands of steel; below, the blue waves danced and laughed in the sunshine.

Ten yards off! He didn't growl now; he only glared at me with eyes that seemed at each step to grow larger and more deadly as they fixed me with that horrible stare. I began to fancy I could feel his breath coming, hot and fetid, in long, slow, gasping breaths. Little by little the ten yards were diminishing. He seemed to be almost upon me. His fixed stare seemed to fascinate me; his slow, gasping breathing felt as if it would choke me.

He had reached the narrowest part of the ledge at last. He eyed it suspiciously; he advanced one huge paw, and felt it with hesitation. Then he seemed to make up his mind. Once more he came on. That moment of hesitation saved me. I looked at the slender rib of ice; I looked at the huge unwieldy body of the savage beast. It was all he could do to walk on it. It seemed almost more than he could do to keep his balance. I grasped my staff with a firmer grip; I lifted and shook it in the air. As a weapon against such an enemy it seemed feeble enough—and yet—and yet I had listened to many a story of the feats performed in the history of old New Zealand with just such a Maori "taiaha" as this. It was weighty, yet easily handled; its edges were sharp to strike; its point keen to thrust. Yes, and above all, it was for life.

I grasped the "taiaha" in both hands and shook it defiantly over my head. The bear paused for a moment and eyed me. Then he slowly put out a paw and made another step. I watched him silently. Where I stood I had plenty of room. My platform, small as it was, gave me space enough in which to use my weapon without risk of overbalancing myself. The bear made another step. He was almost within reach. I made a stroke at him with the taiaha. It fell short, but he paused again. Then he opened his huge mouth and gave a growl—a growl so fierce, so deadly, so intense that the great drops of perspiration started to my brow.

He made another step. By a sudden impulse I jumped forward to the very edge of my platform and drove the sharp point of my weapon with all my force into his face. It must have entered his eye. I felt him recoil with a snarl as sudden and as fierce as that of an injured dog, but ten times more menacing. In an instant I had recovered my weapon, and I was only just in time. Like a flash the great jaws snapped at it, the glittering fangs clashed together within an inch of the blade.

He shook his head impatiently. Then he gave a deep sullen roar that made the ice cliffs ring and tingle again. Then he took another step forward. It was a terrible moment. He had lowered his head, but I could see great drops of blood falling, drip, drip, on the ice as he moved. The path had shrunk almost to its narrowest point, and it appeared scarcely possible for him to advance. At each step he had to lift one foot carefully past the other before he could move his body.

Another step. Only one more, and he could plant a foot on my platform! My head swam dizzily, the drops on my brow felt deadly cold, but my brain seemed to be on fire. Slowly he lifted his foot—it was the one nearest the cliff—from the ledge. Slowly he pushed it forward between the precipice and the other leg, balancing himself carefully as he did so. I watched him with my staff lifted to strike. I knew that it was my last chance. I felt that the moment had come. It was now or never. Then, by an irresistible impulse, I struck—struck fiercely, and with all my might—struck at the foot which grasped the very edge of the ice path with great claws that looked as if cast in steel.

I felt it strike. I saw the muscles of the huge foot shrink and quiver; I saw the great claws for one moment withdrawn. The bear swayed heavily forward. His jaws fell together with a loud rasping clash. His head almost touched my foot, which was advanced to the edge of the platform on which I stood, and then, with a fierce, almost a despairing, growl—then—could I believe my eyes? —he fell!

I staggered back a step, I leaned giddily against the ice wall. Everything seemed to be whirling round before my eyes, yet I could see the sunlight flashing on the dancing water below; I could even dimly make out the sailors standing up in the boat. A voice came up to me—a voice that was loud, sharp, and commanding: "Jump, youngster! For God's sake, jump!" I had just sense enough left to understand the order; I hadn't enough left to try to comprehend why it was given. I made one step forward and jumped. I felt myself falling—it was the last thing I felt.

It was a voice that awoke me. I moved. I put out my hand feebly. It touched something familiar—it was the edge of my bunk. By a great effort I managed to turn my face outwards. Yes, I was in my own cabin. A bright band of sunshine was streaming through the porthole and fell on a great heap of something white and shaggy that lay in the corner. I tried to raise myself in the bunk, but found that I had not the strength to do more than feebly move my head. Perhaps I may have made some sound in the attempt, for I could hear a movement outside, and the door was opened softly. It was the captain's broad figure that appeared in the doorway—it was the captain's jovial face that broke into a pleasant smile as he looked at me.

"Thank God!" he said, "my lad, that you've come to at last! You've had a longish spell of it, too; but, anyhow, we've got the skin for you to remember him by."

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

SOUTH INDIA—MADRAS.

MADRAS, the capital city of southeastern India, is also the oldest centre of British supremacy in the country. It was here that, nearly two centuries ago, the representatives of the East India Company of merchant adventurers bought a strip of the coast six miles long by one broad, on which to establish their factory, for an annual payment of six hundred pounds to the Rajah of Chandergiri, who at the time owned the district. It was here that, nearly fifty years later, the lad sat eating out his heart at a clerk's desk who was destined, as Robert Clive, to lay deep and broad the foundations of that Indian supremacy for his country which has been at once the wonder and envy of so many other European nations since his time.

The Madras of to-day is a great political and commercial centre, to which the exigencies of a great inland population have drawn a commerce altogether out of proportion to the natural advantages of the place. The harbor is naturally no better than an open roadstead. There is a breakwater partly constructed to replace one swept away by a hurricane some ten years ago, but even when completed this will make but a very inferior harbor of Madras.

Although built on flat land, Madras is a fine city. It is divided really into three sections—the government, which adjoins the shore where the formation of the city was begun by the trading strangers; the native town, in which are the bazars and places of business as well as the dwelling-places of the great mass of the inhabitants; and the European quarter, where the foreign residents live.

Perhaps the most striking feature in the streets of all these Indian cities, from the point of view of Western strangers, is the comparative absence of all kinds of vehicles from the streets. There is no sidewalk, and no apparent occasion for one, as the street is filled with a crowd of human beings on foot, with only here and there a vehicle of any kind. This applies mainly to the old or native town, as shown in the illustration. Europeans seldom indulge in walking exercise, and private carriages, as well as public conveyances for hire, are numerous in the aristocratic, which of course means the European quarter of the city.

The government buildings of the city are large and imposing, and usually stand surrounded, like the private dwellings of the governing race, by large and beautifully laid out grounds; indeed, their extent and costliness are apt to surprise one at first, until it is remembered that Madras is the centre of law and government for a country of 150,000 square miles in extent, with a population of more than thirty-five millions of inhabitants.

HYDERABAD.

A train journey of about three hundred and fifty miles from Madras brought us to Hyderabad, the capital of the protected native state of the same name, ruled over by the Nizam of Hyderabad. We now found ourselves for the first time on Indian soil that is still under native government. The government is a curious compromise between the ideas of the despotic East and the customs of the West. The Nizam rules, indeed, with all the pomp and pageantry of old times. He has his guard and his standing army, his palaces, his courts, and all the outward trappings of the old sovereignty, but he exercises it all under inspection which is not the less real because it is so quietly exercised. The Nizam and his prime minister govern, indeed, but it is the power that is represented by the Resident, who represents the Governor-General and Council at Calcutta, and the Secretary of State for India at Westminster, who, as the power behind the throne, really rules.

Hyderabad is a city containing a population of about three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and has a bad reputation throughout India for the turbulence of its people. Violence and bloodshed are common things, even in the streets of the capital—a state of things which arises from the fact that the large majority of the people are Hindoos, while the governing class is entirely Mohammedan. With these internal affairs, however, the British Resident does not interfere, his concern being chiefly with the political relations of the Nizam's government and that of Calcutta. The streets are wide, and, for an Eastern native city, clean, and equipped with many of the appliances of modern civilization. Its sidewalks and gas-lamps have rather a singular effect, and have an incongruous look to Western eyes in connection with the population, either walking or riding on donkeys or elephants, which occupies the streets to the exclusion of the vehicles to which we are accustomed.

The finest architecture has been lavished upon the mosques, one of which especially—that of Afgul Amri—is among the finest in the whole of India. The palace of the Nizam, standing in the famous gardens, forming almost a quarter of the city by themselves, is, for an Indian palace, by no means an imposing building, but there is said to be throughout India hardly so fine a garden as that which surrounds it. The greater part of this is open to the public, and forms a superb public recreation place. The wealth of flowers, of every conceivable form and color, is only equalled by the skill and taste which are expended in their distribution and management. A large proportion of the plants and shrubs are in pots; indeed, there are said to be not less than six millions of potted plants in the gardens, all of which are the subjects of daily waterings, which employ an army of gardeners and laborers. The water is partly distributed by irrigation, the somewhat primitive arrangements for which are shown in our illustration. All defects of this kind, however, are easily got over by the employment of additional laborers, and the result is that we carry away with us the impression that no more beautiful spot is to be found on earth than the Nizam's gardens at Hyderabad.

To leave Hyderabad without seeing anything of the ancient fort and ruins of Golconda, which lie only some four miles from the city walls, was, of course, not to be thought of; for, although the legend of the diamond mines at that place is quite without foundation, no diamonds having ever been got within many miles of Golconda, few places even in India have had a wilder and more romantic past than the great fort and the now ruined city which surrounds it. With that courtesy which has been extended to us everywhere to which the influence of the British imperial authorities extends, which appears to cover no inconsiderable part of the earth's surface, we found ourselves mounted on three of the Nizam's elephants of state—an elevation which had the double advantage of giving us an extended view of all that was to be seen, and of removing us above the risk of annoyance from the too curious and not always too friendly looking curiosity of the inhabitants.

THIS BUSY WORLD

General Sherman was not one of the silent generals, like Grant and Von Moltke. He had the gift of communicating his sentiments both orally and in writing, and he had sentiments on many subjects which he was very ready to communicate. Whatever fault any one might find with sentiments that he expressed, it was seldom that there was occasion to complain that he failed to make himself understood, or cloaked his convictions with obscure or euphemistic language. The following letter, written while he was General of the Army, is interesting, both as an example of his official epistolary style, and on account of its subject-matter:

> My dear Sir,—Yours of July 24th is received, and if your brother, the Rev. —— ——, of Illinois, will make his application to the Secretary of War for a Chaplaincy in the Army, and send me his papers, I will endorse and lay them before the Secretary for the Action of the President, who alone always makes these appointments.
>
> I never give original letters to the President or Secretary of War, because it would be wrong for me to do so, as they might refer several applicants to me for selection, and I would seem to be committed to the one holding my letter. I think there are several hundred applicants now, each one of whom is stronger in the Faith than St. Paul, and most of whom, before appointment, are anxious to be martyrs; but once appointed and confirmed they object to our frontier posts because they are ill adapted for raising a large family of small children.
>
> Of course the whole system is now a farce and meant to be so. If Congress wanted the Army to have the influence of Religion, it would allow the Commanding Officer of each post remote from civilization to hire and pay for a minister while employed, like Surgeons. Of such posts there are nearly a hundred, whereas the Chaplains are limited to thirty—say half of whom are sick, or don't like the isolation of Texas, Arizona, etc. Of course there are no vacancies now, and they are gobbled up as soon as the telegraph announces a death—there are no resignations—and so greedy are the applicants that they will not even wait for the funeral.
>
> If your brother wants to join in this scramble to become a martyr, let him send me his papers, and I will see they are filed; and then let him have some Senator or member of Congress to rush to the President the moment he learns a Chaplain is "in extremis."
>
> Very truly yours,
>
> W. T. Sherman, General.

There is a good deal of opposition to the word "bike." Sundry correspondents of the *Sun* have entreated that journal to frown upon it. The *Sun* does not frown as yet, but the *Tribune* does, going even so far as to declare that "bike and electrocute are about the worst travesties on words that ever were foisted upon a long-suffering public." "Electrocute" is a thoroughly bad word, and the only reason it exists at all is that there is no single reputable word which expresses the infliction of capital punishment by electricity. "Bike" is a piece of boisterous slang, but it may be said for it that at least it is honest, and makes no pretence to elegance, whereas "wheel," the other synonym for "bicycle," does make a pretence at elegance, or at least at respectability. It is better to say "bike," and be aware that you are using outcast language, than to say "wheel," and suppose yourself to be speaking valid English.

In a letter to the *Sun*, Miss Beatrice Harraden corrects a statement that she had received a honorarium of five hundred dollars from an American publisher on account of *Ships that Pass in the Night*. She says that she received one hundred pounds for that book in England, and that one hundred and fifty dollars was paid her by an American publisher to secure her later volume of short stories, so that six hundred and fifty dollars represents the total cash returns that came in from her *Ships*.

June 13th was the hundredth anniversary of Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, who was born in 1795, and died forty-seven years later on the day before his birthday. At the fiftieth anniversary of his death it was decided to put his bust in Westminster Abbey, and a place was assigned to it next to the monuments of John Keble and Wordsworth, but the memorial has not yet been set up.

The strong feeling shown in opposition to the execution of Maria Barberi has been promptly interpreted by all opponents of capital punishment as the expression of antagonism to the infliction of the death-penalty in general. It will be interesting to see if this conclusion is borne out by the developments in the case of the man Holmes, who seems to have followed so long and with such success the joint industries of insurance swindling and murder. If Holmes is found guilty of a fair proportion of the crimes of which he is accused, objections to capital punishment in his case will be in order. If they should happen not to be forth-coming it will be reasonable to infer that it is not so much capital punishment in general that is objected to as its infliction in cases where it does not seem to fit the crime.

The wife of James Corbett, prize-fighter, has got a divorce, and the court has authorized her late husband to pay her an allowance of one hundred dollars a week. Corbett is a good pugilist, but as a refined and exemplary gentleman he is not all that the fancy painted at the time of his first appearance in the ring. When he began his fistic career he was described as a bank clerk with a talent for the manly art, and as a person exceptionally qualified to remove the impression that had gained strength during the ascendency of John Sullivan that prize-fighting was a brutal and demoralizing business, and that prize-fighters were apt not to be nice men. Corbett is not so brutal or so drunken as Sullivan. He has more sense than the Boston champion, who, indeed, had very little. But he seems to be progressing to the bad in his own way with reasonable celerity, and must be a disappointment to those enthusiasts who would like us to believe that the true mission of pugilism is to make manly men manlier.

Mr. Rider Haggard seems to have had experiences in the late election in England which may be of use to him in the construction of future tales of blood-curdling adventure. He was the Conservative candidate for East Norfolk. On the evening of July 19th a mob of unfriendly voters surrounded his headquarters in the village of Stalham, and became so boisterous in their manifestations of disfavor that a hundred policemen were called in and conducted him at midnight with drawn cutlasses to a more friendly district.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley is a Tory member of the new Parliament from the north division of Lambeth.

Bishop Tugwell, of West Africa, lately protested in a letter in the London *Times* against the liquor traffic in West Africa. He described the demoralizing effect of alcoholic liquors, and especially of gin, the liquor most commonly introduced, upon the West African negroes, and its bad effects upon trade, because of the preference of the negroes for gin over other commodities. The bishop's statements, being corroborated in the *Times* by other correspondents, elicited a rejoinder from the British Governor of Lagos, who asserted that the revenue from the liquor traffic was necessary for the support of the machinery of government in the West African colonies, that the negroes were not quite so drunken as represented, that the quality of Lagos gin was better than the Bishop supposed, and that the remedy for the gin disease was the spread of Mohammedanism, with its strong influence in favor of abstinence. The Governor declared that the difficulty of introducing Christianity into West Africa was not due to the spread of gin, but "to the difficulties and drawbacks of the Christian religion itself from an African point of view," and particularly to the prejudice of the missionaries against polygamy. He averred, too, that the Mohammedan negro is a much cleaner, soberer, and more dignified and self-respecting person than the Christian negro, and altogether seemed to throw his influence in favor of eliminating Christian missionaries from West Africa and letting gin alone. His point of view had abundant novelty to recommend it, if nothing else; but the idea of fighting gin with Moslemism seems not to have impinged favorably upon the British mind. The *Times* speaks gloomily of it, and says the West African liquor traffic is a scandal, and ought to be suppressed, whether it yields revenue or not.

Dr. Doyle is very amiable in what he says about his American tour, for though he admits that pecuniarily speaking it was an indifferent speculation, he declares that he was very handsomely treated and had a good time. He thinks, though, that as a lecture-field for English writers the United States is not what it has been cracked up to be. Very likely not; and yet it is to be considered that Dr. Doyle's stories, though so very popular, were not especially adapted to interest the public in their writer. The man the readers of them were interested in was not Dr. Doyle, but Sherlock Holmes, and their interest even in Holmes was of a sort that could be satisfied by reading.

It seems probable that there is at present no British literary person for whom the American lecture-field is now ripe. Tennyson or Browning might have made money here. People would have gone to look at Tennyson, irrespective of anything he had to say, and the Browning clubs would have flocked to hear Browning. But while there are many British men and women of letters whom it would be advantageous to hear and delightful to know, there is no one just now of the dimensions necessary to the making of a great popular spectacle. If Major Pond could bring Mr. Gladstone over and put him on the road, then the clatter of dropping dollars might be heard all over the land, but Mr. Gladstone is not in the business of letters, or of lecturing either, and there is no one else in England that any great multitude of Americans would pay two dollars apiece to look at, except, perhaps, the Queen.

That was a horrifying story the newspapers told last week of Mr. Rodman Wanamaker's barbarian dinner party in Paris. A whole leg of mutton, a whole fowl, a whole salmon, a whole basket of peaches, before each guest; a magnum of champagne for each; and a grab-bag full of costly ornaments from which each guest drew a prize! Twenty thousand dollars, the despatches say, was the cost of Mr. Wanamaker's entertainment for twenty-two guests.

Let us decline to believe that story until the affidavits come. Mr. Wanamaker may have given a dinner that was something of a shock to French thrift, but that he should have imagined that a lot of people who have always had enough to eat could be impressed or entertained by the sight of superfluous masses of cooked food and "lashins" of drink is not very credible. Somebody must have lied about Mr. Wanamaker's dinner party. It does not sound like Philadelphia manners.

The architect of the new building of the Bar Association, described in the **Weekly** of July 27th, is Mr. Cyrus L. W. Eidlitz. The **Weekly** gave a picture of the building as it will appear on Forty-fourth Street, but inadvertently omitted to tell the architect's name.

E. S. Martin.

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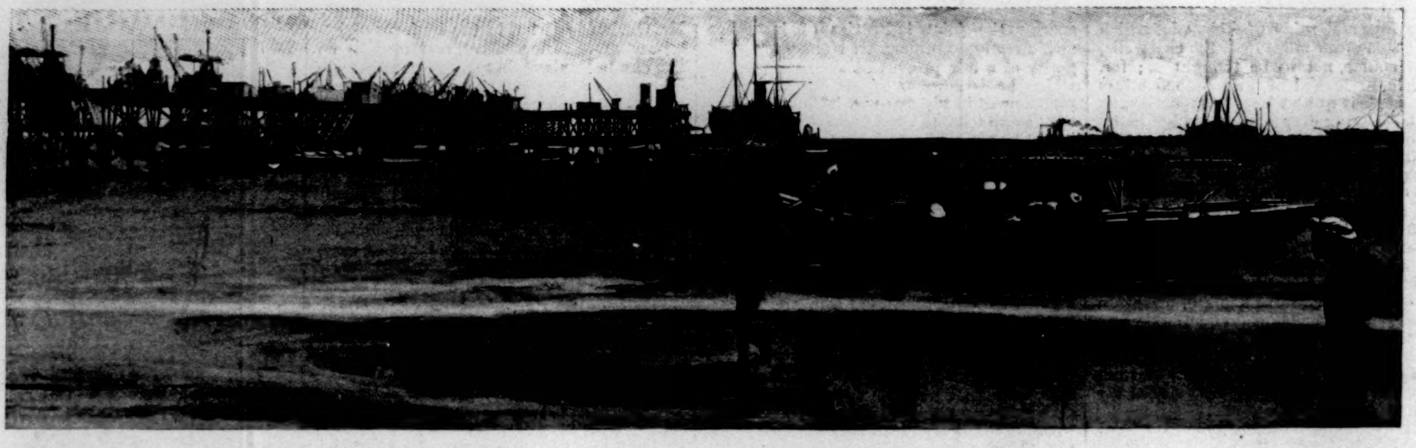
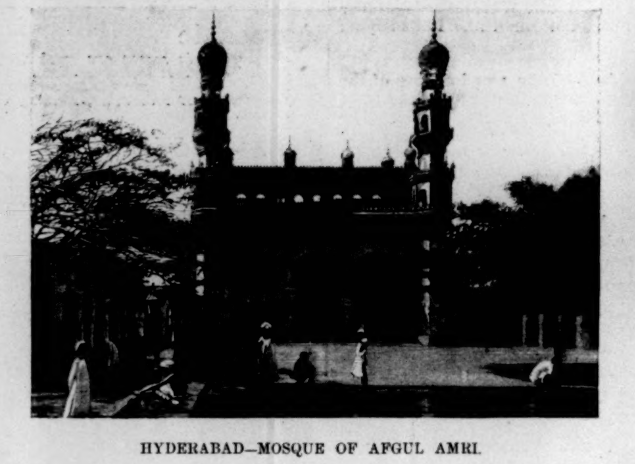
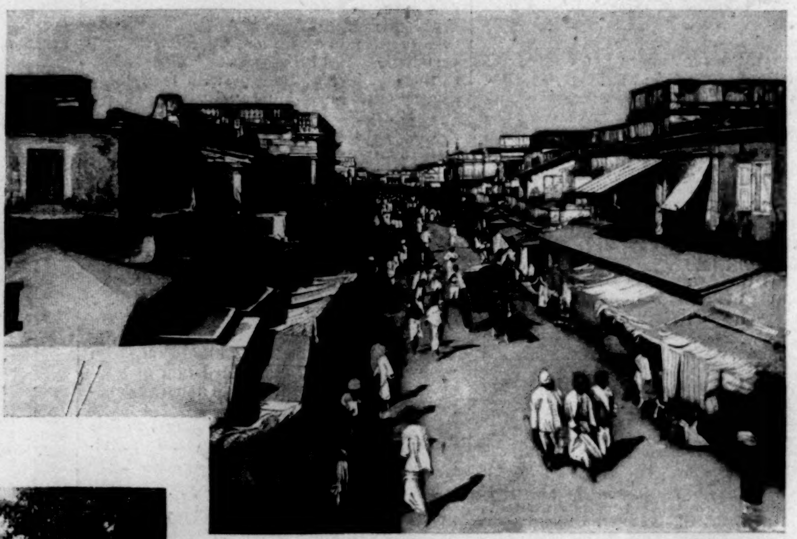


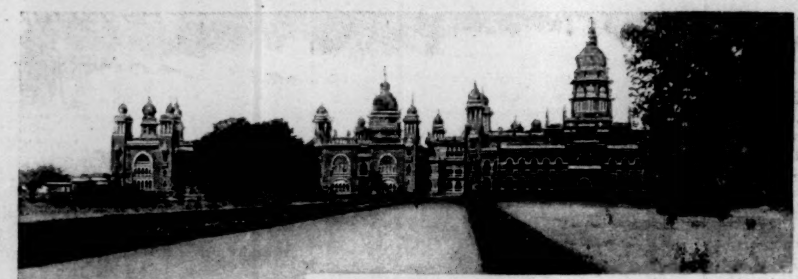
MADRAS—UNLOADING CARGOES ON THE BEACH.



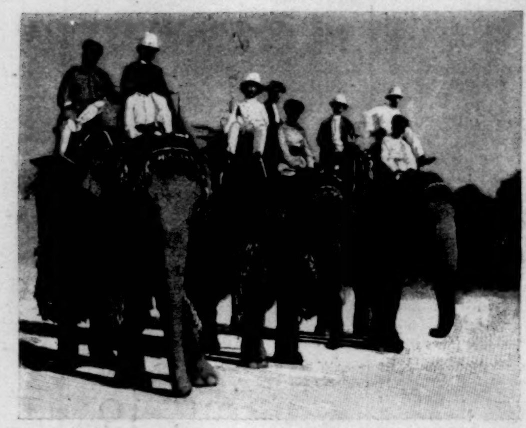
HYDERABAD—MOSQUE OF AFGUL AMRI.



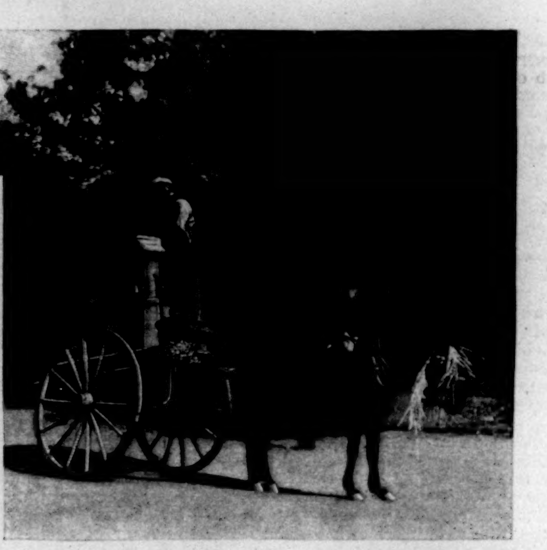
MADRAS—A STREET IN THE OLD TOWN OR NATIVE QUARTER.



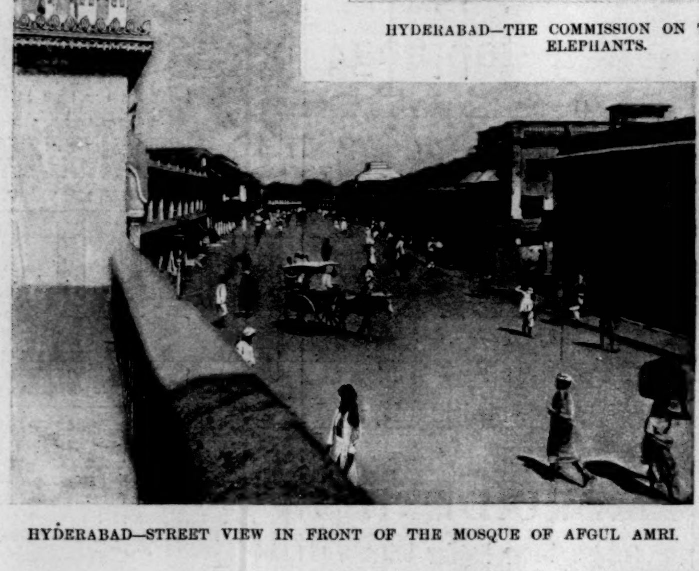
THE HIGH COURTS OF MADRAS.



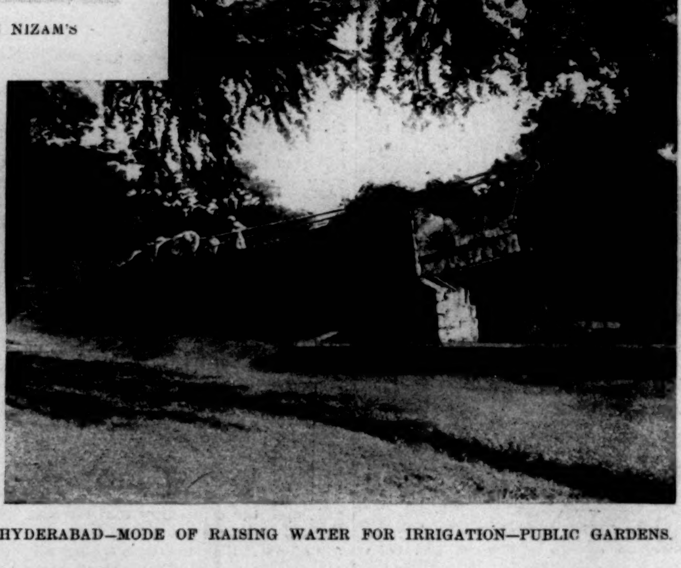
HYDERABAD—THE COMMISSION ON THE NIZAM'S ELEPHANTS.



MADRAS—A NATIVE JUT CART.



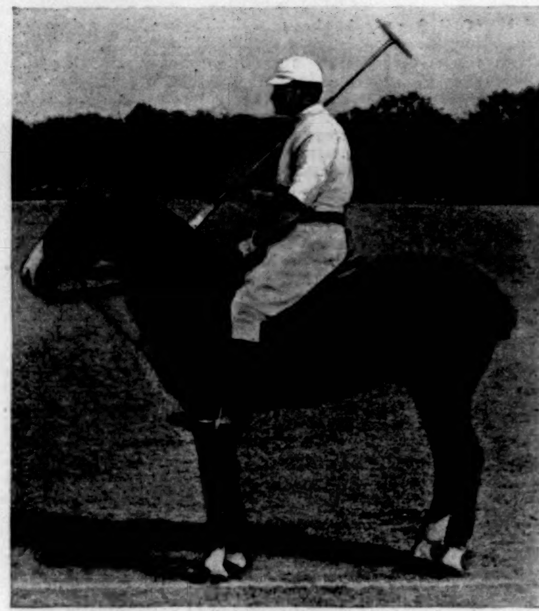
HYDERABAD—STREET VIEW IN FRONT OF THE MOSQUE OF AFGUL AMRI.



HYDERABAD—MODE OF RAISING WATER FOR IRRIGATION—PUBLIC GARDENS.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN SOUTHERN INDIA—MADRAS, HYDERABAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 760.]



R. L. AGASSIZ.

R. G. SHAW, 2nd.

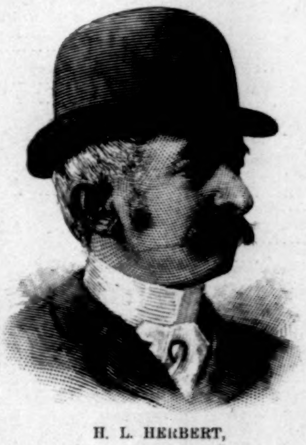
AMATEUR SPORT

If the polo season of 1895 had been concluded with play for the Cedarhurst Challenge Cup, some ten days ago, there would be ample occasion for those interested in the game to feel immensely encouraged over its American progress. As a matter of fact, however, the season is but half spent, and the better part yet before us. The present year of polo has marked the greatest improvement of any previous one; indeed, I am much inclined to believe the development of the current season surpasses that of all preceding ones. Not that the old players have added so greatly to their skill—for, as a rule, they have reached their limit and remain stationary on the handicap list—but the second-raters have improved beyond recognition. Last year, for the first time since polo obtained an American foothold, the second-class men of the different country clubs were encouraged to play. This spring one or two of the clubs were obliged to depend on some of the hitherto neglected material to fill vacancies on the first team, and at least one of these teams, notably the Country Club of Westchester, has shown no weakness in consequence. Those of us who have welcomed each little sign as polo has grown and strengthened will have occasion for genuine rejoicing now that the clubs have finally turned their attention to the game's most vital need.

To within three years ago polo play in the East was, one may say with truth, practically confined to the one or "first" team of the several clubs. Literally no effort was made to encourage play among other members of the club, and those in whom the magnificent game aroused the inclination were effectually ignored. So unsportsmanlike and thoroughly selfish an attitude appeared, unfortunately, to be characteristic of too many of those closely identified with polo to hope for a speedy or even natural growth. It need not be told here that the life of every game depends on the continuous development of new material. A combination of stars may and does frequently carry a team to victory for several successive seasons, but the time comes, sooner or later, when recruits are required, and if not forth-coming, or if unskilled, the subsequent play of that club team is much below what has been regarded as its standard. To search out and encourage and develop playing material is, therefore, in a way quite as needful to the best success of polo as it is to football. That it should have taken polo men upwards of eighteen years to discover what their athletic school days should have taught them can be accounted for only by assuming they cared more for their own fun than for the welfare of the game. However, the turn does come eventually even in the longest lane. This year's play has drawn a telling object-lesson of what polo has missed in the past and what benefits we may reasonably expect in the future. The introduction of new men, even if not so skilful, has produced the results usual upon the infusion of new blood. An impetus has been given the game generally—new and better ponies, additional spectators, and an awakening among some of the veteran players that have found themselves hard pressed by that very material which they ignored but a year or so back.

Beginning with the opening tournament, certainly no year has shown general play that averaged so high, or interest in matches so often sustained to the end. The higher average of the play is explained by the liberation of the heretofore suppressed second raters—who have not only greatly improved their own game, but implanted a rivalry that will keep all players on their mettle—and by the really very considerable improvement in ponies.

Faster ponies and more of them follow as a natural sequence upon additional players and a livelier and wider interest in the game. But the ponies have outpaced the players, which is natural, too, considering that the pony of to-day represents twenty years of endeavor, while it is a short three years since the chosen few permitted Eastern polo to be taken up by the (comparatively) enthusiastic many. None the less, the improvement of the polo pony has been notable both in individual specimens and in general type. The number of well-set-up, good-looking, and speedy ponies always to be seen at a match is of itself, without the play, of sufficient attraction to any man with an eye for a horse. The evolution of the bronco, too, is about complete, and the result is a pony with all the toughness and sprinting qualifications of the prototype, to which have been added looks and staying and carrying powers.



H. L. HERBERT,
Father of American Polo.

When the seeds of polo were first sown we took the mustang as he came to us wild and woolly, and a most adaptable, useful little beast he proved—so good, indeed, that the English team which came over and beat us took home a few of our ponies. They probably recognized the qualities which a process of breeding up would refine and enhance. We, many years later, have likewise recognized them, and to-day the American polo pony at his best seems to equal the English in all save looks. At least such are the facts, if we may judge rightly from comparisons between the home product and H P Whitney's imported ponies at the Meadow Brook Club. There seems no good reason why this comparison is not an accurate one, since Whitney's knowledge of a horse and his money should put the very best in his stable. At all events, these English ponies do not outpace the best of ours, nor are they handier. Pony-breeding (of the highest type) is a recent industry in the United States; but, like everything else to which we turn our attention, it has been carried to a high state of development. This is, of course, true in only a few directions, for the breeding up of stock takes longer than the perfecting of machinery. There are several breeders that have been very successful, and the bunches of ponies I have seen hereabouts this year from Texas and Colorado, out of native mares by thoroughbred sires, were a rare lot. Nor must it be understood that the pony-raising industry is confined to Texas and Colorado, or that New York takes all the annual product. Ponies are being raised and improved in a half-dozen different sections, and disposed of to polo-players in as many distinct localities. The game is played in Texas, Colorado, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, California, and in the Canadian Northwest, along the Central Pacific Railroad, where a team—in Calgary, for instance—has been so successful it is considered unbeatable. That polo is a growing game in America we have all known, but no year has so marked its advance as this one.

No single feature is so responsible for this development of the American game and player as the system of handicapping used by the Polo Association. It is safe to say that if we had been without such a system we should be very far from where we now are in polo. Handicapping has been the very life of American polo; without it the game would have become, with the gymkana races, occasional and limited means of country-club entertainment. Play would have been restricted to the very few who from natural aptitude or abundant leisure formed a class by themselves. There was a discordant element in the Association which opposed handicapping, and quoted the English method, where all events are flat. The element was selfish in disposition and weak in argument, and the opposition amounted to naught. Little comparison can be made between the polo situation in England and America, and that little suggests our clinging to the handicap system. Polo's greatest supporter in England is the army; it is not played by the United States army. Outside of the army the game is not as generally played in Great Britain as it is in the United States, nor does it offer such encouragement or opportunity to the beginner. There are a few teams that play first-class polo, and the rest are out of it. If we pursued a similar system here the Association would now have about twenty-five players instead of over two hundred, and its clubs would number about four in place of seventeen. Let no one offer objections to handicapping; it has actually been the making of the American game.

Much interest attached to the contest for the Kuhn Cup, since the Country Club of Westchester team had already won it twice (in '91 and '92), and, by the conditions, a third win made them the permanent possessors of the trophy No team has played more consistent and, at times, more brilliant polo than the Westchester. Three of the four—Reynal and the two Waterburys—were only just beginning last year to attain form, and even so were not regarded as possible first-team men. From their first appearance this year, however, they have shown much

J. E. COWDIN.

FOXHALL KEENE.

and increasing strength, and in another year, if they keep the pace, will get well up towards the top. The work of the Waterburys, L. and J. M., Jun., considering their age and the length of time playing, is quite the most notable of the season. The greatest credit for Westchester's showing is due E. C. Potter, who this year, as always, is the same steady, hard-working back, and, in addition, by his excellent generalship, has got the utmost out of his younger and less-seasoned players.

Next to the Waterburys in point of improvement are two other brothers, Albert and R. T. Francke, both of whom generally equal and frequently surpass, even now, L. J. Francke, who has played for years. Albert began the season without a handicap, and is now charged with 4; R. T. had 2, and is now 5. In the same club, Rockaway, H. B. Case was not handicapped, and has now 2 goals; G. L. Meyers was 2, and is 3; J. S. Stevens was 7, and is 6.

Rockaway is strong this year. Its first team will have Cowdin, Keene, Stevens, and later W. Rutherford, while its second team has demonstrated that it could on present handicap beat both first Rockaway and Meadow Brook. It has been very successful, winning the Alden and Rockaway Challenge Cups.

Meadow Brook has not played the game of other years, and misses Hitchcock and Day. Neither W. C. Eustis nor Taylor has played so well as last year, and each has been reduced to 4 goals. Mortimer, Roby, and Page, however, are all playing better, and have been raised a goal.

Myopia is about as strong as last year. Although Shaw is not up to form and has been reduced a goal, Gardner, on the other hand, has been raised one. Agassiz's form has varied also, but they will all be fit for Newport.

Brookline Country Club has made a good showing this season with several new men and some improved old ones. Goodwin has been raised 2 goals, and is now 5; and Fay is also 5. Hobart, the new man, has gone from 0 to 3 goals.

Wheeler of Philadelphia has been moved from 1 goal to 4, and Philadelphia otherwise has shown some slight improvement in play.

OF THE NEW CLUBS added, the most important are Buffalo—where they have been playing for several years, and already attained considerable skill—Chicago, which is new to the game, but comes in strong with twenty-five active members. Devon ought to do something for Philadelphia polo by making a match among local players possible. The great drawback to Philadelphia polo has always been the existence of but one team. Between the Country Club and Devon a very much improved team should be in evidence next year. Point Judith, the last club to be formed for polo, is having its first tournament this week, and it deserves the success it will probably attain. Its nearness to Narragansett Pier will insure good attendance, and it is sure to attract a full entry list.

I have not the space to talk of all these matters to the length I should like and that they warrant, but run over the new clubs and improved players to emphasize what I said at the outset of this being the greatest polo year we have had. After Narragansett Pier there will be Newport, August 12th–24th, followed by Hingham, August 26th–31st; Myopia, September 2d–14th; and Dedham, September 16th–21st.

THE GREATEST EVENT OF THE YEAR, however, indeed the most notable event since the Englishmen played us at Newport, will be the Polo Championship Club tournament, to be held the last week in September. Such a meeting has often been suggested, but not until this year has there been sufficient enthusiasm among players to make it a possibility. The trophy will be the handsome gold cup which William Waldorf Astor several years ago presented to the Tuxedo Club to be played for annually. The character of country at Tuxedo does not permit of a polo field, and the club committee has been sportsmanly enough to give the cup to the Polo Association. The championship will be a flat event, open to teams of four, representing any club in the Association. In addition to the cup, which is to remain a perpetual trophy, contested for annually, the Association will present individual prizes. Grounds have not yet been definitely decided upon, but the Prospect Park parade-ground is considered favorably, and will very likely be finally chosen. Besides having been the scene of some of the earliest matches in the country, it is a fine field, and, what is most desirable at this stage of the game's progress, it will give the public an opportunity of enjoying the contest. It is too early to talk of entries, but four are assured. Myopia, with Agassiz, Shaw, Gardner, Norman, or G. Eustis; Rockaway, with Cowdin, Keene, Stevens, and Rutherford; Meadow Brook, with W. Eustis, Vingut, Nicoll, G. Eustis, or Taylor; and Westchester, with Reynal, E. C. Potter, and J. M. (Jun.) and L. Waterbury. Even should there be no others, these will make a tournament of rare interest and good play.

Résumé of season's play to date of going to press:

THE MEADOW BROOK CLUB CUPS.

Meadow Brook, Monday, May 27th.

First Event.

Meadow Brook		*vs.*	Freebooters.	
Goals earned	6		Goals earned	4
			Goals allowed by handicap	7
			Total	11

Second Event.

Rockaway		*vs.*	Meadow Brook.	
Goals earned	17		Goals earned	2
			Handicap	11
				13
			Penalties	½
			Total	12½

Third Event.

Westchester		*vs.*	Freebooters.	
Goals earned	9		Goals earned	5
Penalties	½		Handicap	4
	8½			9
			Penalties	¼
			Total	8¾

Final.

Rockaway		*vs.*	Freebooters.	
Goals earned	9		Goals earned	2
Penalties	1		Handicap	9
	8			11
			Penalties	¼
			Total	10¾

KUHN CUP.

Philadelphia Country Club, Bala, June 5th.

C. C. of Westchester		*vs.*	Philadelphia C. C.	
Goals	23		Goals	3
Penalties	¾		Handicap	15
Total	22¼		Total	18

PHILADELPHIA COUNTRY CLUB CUPS.

Philadelphia, Thursday, June 6th.

First Event.

C. C. of Westchester		*vs.*	Philadelphia C. C.	
Goals	15		Goals	2
Penalties	½		Handicap	13
Total	14½			15
			Penalties	¼
			Total	14¾

Final.

Meadow Brook		*vs.*	Philadelphia C. C.	
Goals	9		Handicap	12
			Penalties	¾
			Total	11¼

POLO ASSOCIATION CUPS.

Country Club, Brookline, June 10th.

First Event.

Dedham		*vs.*	C. C. Brookline.	
Goals	5		Goals	9
Penalties	¼		Handicap	3
Total	4¾			12
			Penalties	½
			Total	11½

Second Event.

C. C. of Westchester		*vs.*	Myopia.	
Goals	4		Goals	14
Handicap	9		Penalties	½
	13		Total	13½
Penalties	¼			
Total	12¾			

Third Event.

Meadow Brook		*vs.*	Rockaway.	
Handicap	4		Goals	10
			Penalties	¼
			Total	9¾

COUNTRY CLUB OF BROOKLINE CUPS.

Teams of three played at Brookline, June 18, 1895.

Myopia		*vs.*	Dedham.	
Goals	12		Goals	3
			Handicap	13
				16
			Penalties	½
			Total	15½

ASSOCIATION CUPS.

Country Club Brookline, June 15th.

Myopia		*vs.*	C. C. Brookline.	
Goals	13		Handicap	18
			Penalties	½
			Total	17½

REYNAL CUPS.

Westchester, Wednesday, June 19th.

Westchester		*vs.*	Meadow Brook.	
Goals	15		Goals	3
Penalties	¼		Handicap	2
Total	14¾			5
			Penalties	¼
			Total	4¾

COUNTRY CLUB CUPS.

Teams of three.

Country Club of Brookline, June 20th.

Country Club		*vs.*	Dedham.	
Goals	7		Penalties	¼
Handicap	3			
	10			
Penalties	½			
Total	9½			

ALDEN CUPS.

Westchester Country Club, June 24th.

First Event.

Rockaway 2d		*vs.*	Freebooters.	
Goals	5		Goals	8
Handicap	8		Penalties	¼
	13		Total	7¾
Penalties	½			
Total	12½			

Second Event.

Westchester C. C.		*vs.*	Meadow Brook.	
Goals	11		Goals	10
Handicap	4			
Total	15			

Third Event.

Rockaway		*vs.*	Myopia.	
Goals	7		Goals	8
Handicap	2		Penalties	¼
	9		Total	7¾
Penalties	1			
Total	8			

Fourth Event.

C. C. of Westchester		*vs.*	Rockaway 1st.	
Goals	2		Goals	11
Handicap	8		Penalties	½
	10		Total	10½
Penalties	½			
Total	9½			

Final.

Rockaway 1st		*vs.*	Rockaway 2d.	
Goals	13		Goals	3
			Handicap	16
				19
			Penalties	½
			Total	18½

CEDARHURST CHALLENGE CUP.

Cedarhurst, Long Island, Friday, July 5th.

First Event.

Rockaway 2d		*vs.*	Meadow Brook.	
Goals	5		Goals	4
Handicap	3			
	8			
Penalties	¼			
Total	7¾			

Second Event.

Meadow Brook		*vs.*	Freebooters.	
Goals	11		Goals	2
Handicap	1			
	12			
Penalties	¾			
Total	11¼			

Third Event.

Rockaway 1st		*vs.*	Rockaway 2d.	
Goals	15		Goals	3
			Handicap	15
				18
			Penalties	¾
			Total	17¼

Final Event.

Meadow Brook		*vs.*	Rockaway.	
Goals	8		Goals	5
Penalties	¾		Handicap	8
Total	7¼			13
			Penalties	¼
			Total	12¾

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CRUISE certainly, up to the day of our going to press (Saturday), has been one of the most sport-giving of any in my recollection. First of all, fine weather has prevailed, some of it good enough to make record-breaking runs, and second, but by no means of lesser importance, Commodore Brown has issued his orders as a sportsman and a yachtsman, and with due appreciation of the sportsmen and yachtsmen of his fleet. It does not follow that every man owning a yacht is either a yachtsman or a sportsman, nor is every yachtsman a sportsman; but the N.Y.Y.C. enrolls a long list of those that combine both qualities, and it is these who have given the cruise the success it has attained of recent years. The commodores and regatta committees in the past have sometimes left us uncertain as to whether the cruise was being sailed for sport and the yachtsmen, or for parade and the yacht-owners. Last year and this year there has been no occasion for doubt, and we congratulate the Commodore and his Fleet Captain and the Regatta Committee on the successful issue of their efforts for good sport.

And yet the Regatta Committee has given sportsmen excellent grounds for criticism—its failure to act promptly on *Vigilant's* protest over the race of July 22d, and its delay in measuring the two yachts, upon whose performance the eyes of all American, and, indeed, of English yachtsmen as well, are steadfastly directed. This latter dereliction of duty is one of the evidences—of which few are left nowadays—of pleasing the yacht-owner rather than the yachtsman. The committeemen have had abundant time and frequent opportunity to measure the yachts and to act upon Mr. Willard's protest, and in failing to do either have doubly disregarded the wishes of sportsmen.

While discussing the position of the Regatta Committee with relation to its power to please yachtsmen, I should like to suggest an extension of its scope for their further benefit; first, by securing a government or police boat to patrol the course and keep in check tugs and steam-yachts which get in the way of and handicap the racers, and which rush about apparently regardless of the safety or comfort of all other craft; it might also advise the *Embla's* owner that it is not essential to the advertisement of the yacht's speed that his skipper cut across the bows of other boats; second, by suggesting to Ogden Goelet that the unnecessary flying of the British flag at the *White Ladye's* stern savors of diseased affectation, and is not a pleasing spectacle for American yachtsmen.

THE RENDEZVOUS AT GLEN COVE was a more impressive scene than usual, a seemingly greater number of larger yachts being in attendance. And Commodore Brown's innovation with regard to making Huntington the finish of the cup races was as happy as successful. With *Lasca*, the '93 champion, *Emerald*, '94 champion, and *Amorita*, the latest flyer, there was promise of a magnificent struggle, and interest enough in the schooners alone to have attracted yachtsmen. But the *Defender* was at hand, and every one wanted to learn, and is yet unlearned, how much faster than *Vigilant* is the yacht upon which depends the fate of *America's* Cup. Besides the cups he had already offered in the regular sloop and schooner classes, the Commodore added a special trophy for a race between *Defender* and *Vigilant*, and thus the cruise was inaugurated with every one satisfied—a most unique situation. The air was rather lightish—supposed to be to *Defender's* liking—and yet in the running, reaching, and windward work, about evenly distributed over the 21 miles, *Defender* beat *Vigilant* but 1 minute and 49 seconds elapsed time. No small part of *Vigilant's* fine showing was due to her handling; she sailed a great race, and was splendidly managed; she is a long ways better handled than *Defender*, and, in fact, the best-sailed yacht on the cruise. Of the smaller sloops the race of the day was between *Queen Mab* and *Wasp*, the latter winning on corrected time. It was a grand struggle between *Amorita* and *Emerald* and *Lasca*, but the first won over *Emerald* in corrected time, and *Lasca* showed that the old rival whom she formerly beat has grown too speedy for her.

Summaries:

Name.	Start. H. M. S.	Finish. H. M. S.	Elapsed time. H. M. S.	Corrected time. H. M. S.
SCHOONERS.				
Lasca	1 50 48	5 02 36	3 11 48	3 11 48
Emerald	1 53 03	4 57 25	3 04 22	3 03 02
Marguerite	1 55 00	5 13 06	3 18 06	3 14 25
Iroquois	1 53 24	5 14 42	3 21 18	3 17 04
Elsemarie	1 53 29	5 12 12	3 18 43	3 11 31
Amorita	1 52 04	5 00 43	3 08 39	3 01 04
Loyal	1 55 00	5 25 04	3 30 04	3 16 53
Neæra	1 55 00	5 28 33	3 33 33	3 16 59
FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Vigilant	1 47 22	4 44 43	2 57 21	....
Defender	1 47 24	4 42 56	2 55 32	....
SLOOPS, CUTTERS, AND YAWLS.				
Hildegarde	1 50 00	5 25 54	3 35 53	....
Queen Mab	1 46 34	5 11 26	3 24 52	3 23 35
Wasp	1 47 56	5 16 06	3 28 10	3 21 07
Mineola	1 49 36	5 25 59	3 36 23	3 28 43
Ventura	1 48 13	5 32 43	3 44 30	....
Harriet	1 47 57	Did not finish.		
Awa	1 47 55	Did not finish.		

The winners were: Schooner class, *Amorita*; first-class sloops, *Defender*; sloops and cutters, *Wasp*.

THE FIRST SQUADRON RUN OF THE CRUISE, from Huntington to New London, was not only the fastest of this but of any cruise. It was a record-maker, and the day *par excellence* of sailing craft; the yachts slipped through the water at a great rate, and only the fastest steamer could keep up, the pace of *Defender* and *Vigilant* being estimated, for instance, at 14 knots, while *Constellation*, which led the fleet, was doing 14¼. *Defender* and *Vigilant* crossed the line within a few seconds of each other, with the latter in the windward berth as the day before. It was a broad reach all the way, the conditions under which *Defender* has shown her greatest speed, but until Cornfield Lightship was reached she could not get through *Vigilant's* lee, and in the following twelve miles to Bartlett's Reef, where her steering-gear broke and she retired, her gain was but three minutes by her own timing. *Emerald* won again over *Lasca*, and *Amorita* had an easy time with *Shamrock*. *Constellation's* beating *Vigilant* by 4 minutes elapsed time was a most notable performance.

Winners of the run: Schooners—Class 1, *Constellation* beat *Romona*, 7.22. Class 2, *Emerald* beat *Lasca*, 4.36. Class 3, *Ariel* beat *Iroquois*, 2.11, *Elsemarie*, 4.29, and *Marguerite*, 7.57. Class 4, *Amorita* beat *Shamrock*, 8.39. Class 5, *Loyal* beat *Neæra*, 3.20.

Sloops and Cutters—Class 1, *Vigilant*. Class 2, *Katrina* (walk-over). Class 3, *Queen Mab* beat *Hildegarde*, 2.19. Class 5, *Wasp* beat *Eclipse*, 10, and *Mineola*, 21.27. Class 6, *Gossoon* beat *Norota*, 16.08, and *Ventura*, 26.57.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

Comment on balance of cruise and Goelet Cup races is reserved for next issue, which will illustrate features of the yachting week.

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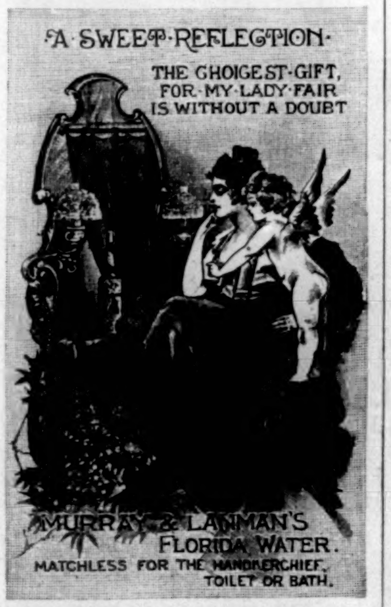

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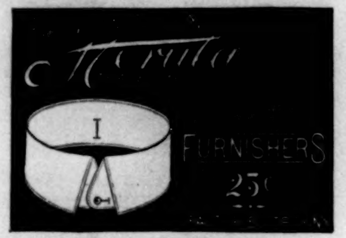

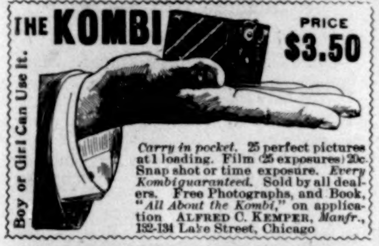

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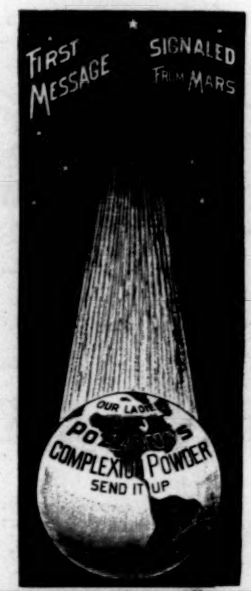

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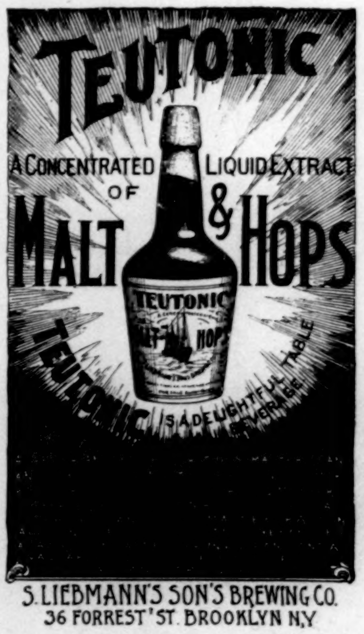

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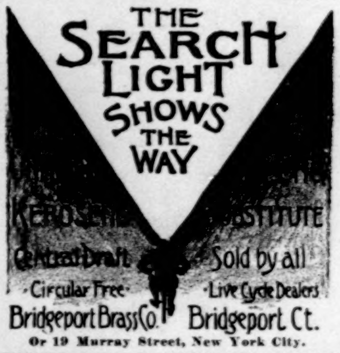

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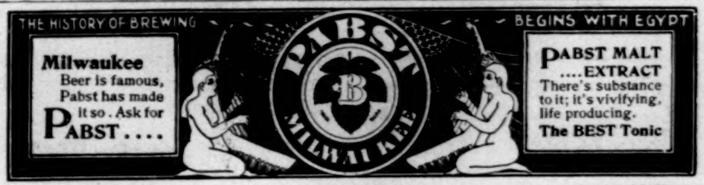

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